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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR—SIR BRACEWELL SMITH, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SWORDBEARER AND OTHER CIVIC DIGNITARIES, WATCHING THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW : The Lord Mayor is seen in Guildhall Yard before entering his State coach and proceeding along the processional route

For the first time since 1938 the Lord Mayor's Show, with all its impressive pageantry, was restored to London last Saturday, when Sir Bracewell Smith was installed as Lord Mayor. In the famous State coach, drawn by six horses, rode the Lord Mayor, attended by his Chaplain, the Swordbearer, and the Serjeant-at-Arms. The coach, in its ancient and gilded glory, rumbled along at the end of the 1¾-mile procession, a reminder of all those traditions which still govern the corporate life of the City. At the head of the procession marched the band of the Grenadier Guards, and there were also pipers of the Irish Guards, an R.A.F. band, and a succession of tableaux on decorated cars to entertain the hosts of schoolchildren and adults lining the processional route. When the new Lord Mayor reached the Law Courts he signed in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice the statutory declaration laying claim to the City of London's rights and privileges. Later, Sir Bracewell drove on to Guildhall for the Lord Mayor's Banquet, which was attended by the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury

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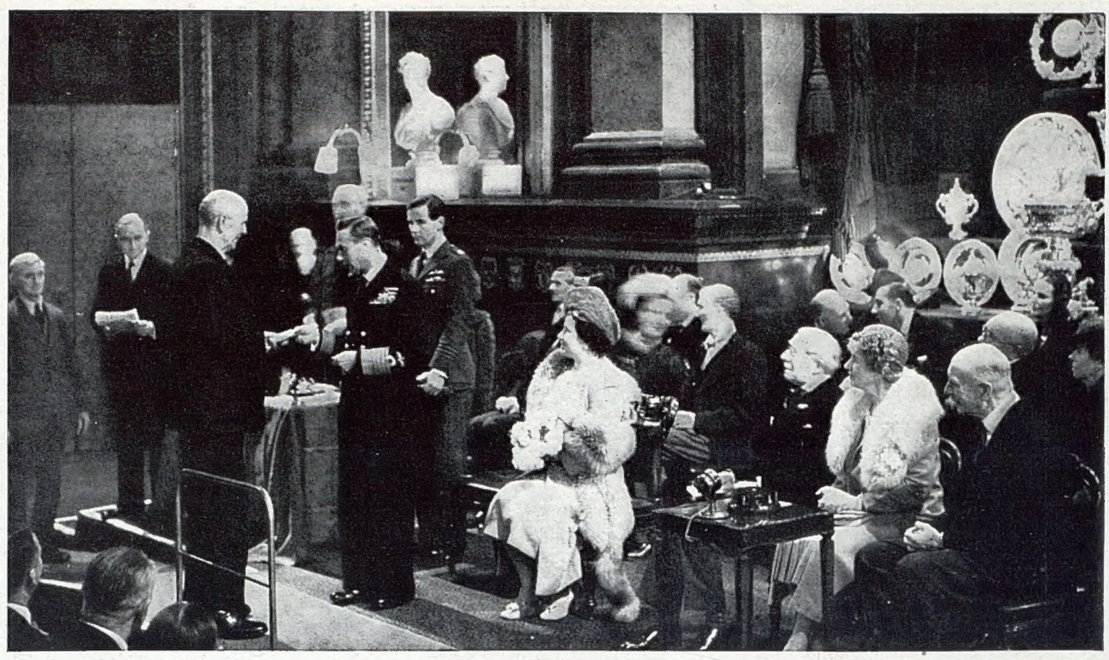
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

U.S. Elections.—The worst feature of the U.S. General Election is that when the tumult and the shouting die, the nation will not "return to normal." On the contrary, election fever or party feeling can only be stimulated by the result. And that may prove a poor look-out for U.N.O. and for American influence in world affairs. The result is well known now. It was safe to point the dilemma before it was known. If the Republicans swept the board (as they have done), the Administration must be blocked, harassed and frustrated whenever the majority party desired to win a piece on the board. If the Democrats had come through by the skin of their teeth (all that their greatest optimists hoped for), the fury of partisanship among the Republicans, cheated of their high hopes, must have made two nations of the United States for the next two years. The result of the election was primarily due to the inevitable reaction against the very long reign of the Democrats, to the weaknesses shown by Mr. Truman, to Big Business's rooted dislike of Roosevelt's New Deal and to a general desire to ensure some new remedy as soon as may be for the post-war ills of America, present and to come—in a word, to "let the (other) Archdeacon have a try." Among the present "ills," those which the Republicans will be prepared to block or remove are continued high taxation and any return of restrictions and controls. We are a very poor country; America, on paper, a very rich. Yet it is difficult to believe that what is necessary in Britain can be dispensed with in America during the dangerous post-war age. Individual initiative, personal liberty and the stimulus to output (which freedom to enjoy reasonable profits gives) are still dear to the heart of Big Business in Britain. In American Big Business circles these things are a fanatical creed, and the Republicans broadly endorsed that creed on their platforms. But I doubt whether we shall see much change even in American domestic policy in the next two years. For Roosevelt's New Deal was a corpse a year ago, and there is no voice in America which calls for its revival, above a whisper. Truman will no doubt see his term drag itself out with patchwork, and the mixture will be very much as before.

Conservatism's Best Policy.—The more I read of the speeches of Conservative leaders "fighting back" the more I am convinced that their right policy is to concentrate on a constructive policy for their party rather than on destructive criticism of the Government. Fairly or not, they were judged in 1945 on the failures of their between-wars administrations, when they had decisive power. In the face of public apathy, they lacked the courage which vision requires. They are still judged to-day as lacking a constructive policy. The time has not yet come for purely destructive criticism of Socialism, for there is no clear indication that those who put Socialism in power have yet abandoned hope, to the extent of looking for a substitute Government; and those who support a Government or party with reasonable confidence are merely irritated and confirmed in their confidence by such destructive criticism, however strong and numerous may be the grounds for crying failure. I wish, therefore, that Mr. Macmillan would consider that aspect of destructive criticism at the present juncture, and that he and all Conservative protagonists would concentrate on the brass tacks of the Conservative New Deal and leave Government failures to the judgment of Socialism's supporters for a time at any rate. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe is more alive to this need. It is only one man's opinion, and at that a man not well versed in political campaigning. But I feel conscious of a signal change in the public's attitude to politics. They ask for the bread and meat of facts and figures and no longer are to be fobbed off with the Victorian posies of oratory.



THE KING PRESENTS MEDALS TO FARM WORKERS: His Majesty handing a long-service decoration to Mr. Joseph Bird, who has served for fifty-six years with Lord Strachie, during last week's ceremony held by the Royal Agricultural Society at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London. Altogether twenty veteran farmers received medals, all of them having spent forty years or more with one employer. Another remarkable feature of the gathering was the news given by Lord Bledisloe, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, that no tuberculous cattle would ever again be allowed to enter the Royal Show. At the same time, an inter-county dairy herds competition has been inaugurated to help eliminate tuberculosis from the herds. This year Carmarthenshire won the competition, with Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire second and third. The King in his address congratulated Wales, and particularly these Welsh counties, on the lead that they have already given to the farmers of the nation

Old And True.—In a recent letter in *The Times* headed "Recovery in Britain—Test of Stability," Lord Brand put in a nutshell and with admirable clarity the only true test of a nation's (or an individual's) stability. These are the chief points made: (1) In the late war Britain parted with one-quarter of her wealth. (2) Since 1945 she has borrowed to the tune of at least a quarter of that lost wealth. (3) That borrowing gives us to-day "money to burn." (4) But it has to be repaid with interest. (5) To repay, to repair our war losses, to be able (when American money is burned) to live on our fat for imports and everything else, it is accepted that we must increase our exports by 75 per cent. over 1938 volume. (6) That won't be easy to keep up after 1950 when present world hunger for our goods is appeased. How are we facing these problems of stability? (1) Government and workers alike are all out for higher wages, greater "security," more leisure—*all at once* and with a reduced labour force. Our *priority* target is not "vastly increased exports" but "a higher standard of living and leisure all round." That is the cart before the horse with a vengeance, the rake's progress on a grand national scale! (2) What is the cause of this recklessness? The feeling that we have money to burn (*pro tem.*); the Government's and T.U.C.'s determination to create a Labour heaven in quick time while they hold the power; specious arguments, based on the financial theories of our now-vanished days of prosperity, that shorter hours and the rest *may* mean bigger output. If you read Lord Brand's argument, it must have hit you between the eyes with the force of sheer, incontestable truth and common sense. What a pity, then, that most of those who are blind to the dangers do not read *The Times*. And America on a larger scale (with more excuse because she is still rich) is going the same rakish way. Who can doubt that a "damnation spill" is coming for both countries?

Ten Points.—There is a little pamphlet going about. It is titled "Ten Points," and on the back is a quotation from Lincoln on *limitation*. True, the pamphlet emanates from New York, where elections are afoot. But the ten points are worth study. Here they are: (1) You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift. (2) You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. (3) You cannot help small men by tearing down big men. (4) You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. (5) You cannot lift the wage-earner by pulling down the wage-payer. (6) You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income. (7) You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class-hatred. (8) You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money. (9) You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence. (10) You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves. Nos. 6 and 8 are particularly in point as bolsters of Lord Brand's argument. The greatest and most vital truths are always capable of the simplest expression. Elaborate argument is necessary for advancing doubtful claims and unproven policies.

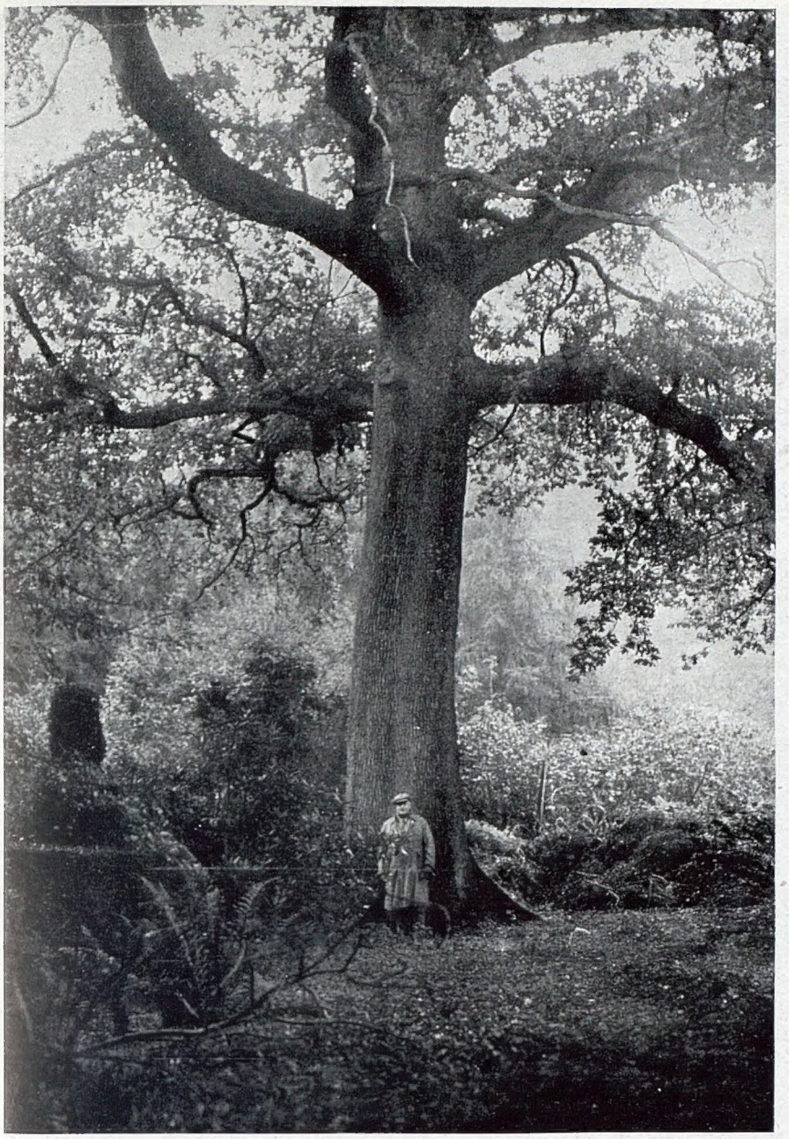
Remembrance Day.—It is a right decision that Remembrance Day should always fall on a Sunday, when offices and workshops are closed down and most people are free, if they choose, to go to church. (I remember celebrating a Two-Minutes Silence during a partridge drive. The keeper in charge of the line of beaters had not synchronised his watch, and four coveys flicked over my head while I stood immobile, trying to keep my mind on nobler things.) For the thoughts which Remembrance Day brings are solemn enough, need all the consolation which religion can give, and are most fitly passed in review in the dignity and the rarefying atmosphere of a church. We remember henceforth on that anniversary the dead of two wars in our time, within a generation of our own lives, the rising generations of 1914 and of 1939, sacrificed to the lust and follies and weaknesses of mankind and lost to their own families and countries, a loss inestimable. What can *we* do to avert a trilogy of tragedies? A church is the proper place in which to seek an answer and, when found, in which to confirm a resolution and register a vow. The world they put away at the call of duty may seem sometimes to-day no "paradise lost." But to us who survive, it is the bitterer for their absence and (but for their absence) might well have been a place better worth living in. It is ours to make it so, in gratitude to them and as a pledge of amendment offered to Heaven.

Easier Divorce.—It was not, I am glad to say, in the Reno spirit that, with commendable speed, Mr. Justice Denning's committee gave out their second report on divorce reform. They recognise the gravity of the present loose attitude towards marriage ties and obligations, and in that recognition they are anxious to keep the business on the highest judicial level. It is not to make divorce easier, but to release more quickly and cheaply the hundreds of victims of faithlessness and matrimonial misfortunes, that the committee suggests a radical enlargement of the "Divorce Court Bench," an immensely more simple procedure in and out of court. In brief, it proposes that all the fifty-seven County Court judges should be appointed Divorce Commissioners (with status and pay of High Court judges while so acting); and it suggests that thereby, and by provincially localising divorce proceedings, the huge arrears will be reduced in the "undefended" list by nearly 30,000 in a full year. A scaling-down of fees all round and a radical simplification of procedure are concurrent recommendations, which may raise some criticism, no doubt. A final report on other aspects of divorce may show the committee in a sterner mood as regards the obligations of marriage. The main reform requires no new legislation and could be put into practice with no delay. Whatever may be a man's view of easier and easier divorce, he will not dispute that the congestion of the present waiting-list is a scandal and an evil which must be wiped off.

THE OLD STAGER

AN IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS

What could be a better choice for a friend or relation abroad than a subscription to THE SPHERE for six or twelve months? Imagine the pleasure it would give them to receive this world-renowned journal regularly every week. *A greetings card will be sent with the first copy if desired.* Subscription rates may be had on application to the Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



700 YEARS OLD AND STILL GROWING: Of all the Courthope oaks, Lord Courthope regards this as the finest. The lopped trunk alone is estimated to weigh 26 tons, and it is exceptionally straight. Lord Courthope, who is seen standing at the foot of the tree, is one of the greatest forestry experts in the country

ONE OF THE OLD OAKS OF COURTHOPE: This tree has stood for over 1,000 years and it is one of numerous veterans on Lord Courthope's Sussex estate at Whiligh from which timber is now being supplied to restore the famous hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall

COURTHOPE OAK FOR WESTMINSTER HALL

Restoring the Ancient Hammer-Beam Roof Destroyed in the Blitz

In 1394 King Richard II ordered oak for the original hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall from the Courthope Estate in Sussex, and now, after a lapse of five-and-a-half centuries, timber from that very same estate is again being employed. It has been selected by the Ministry of Works for repairing the roof, which was so badly damaged in the blitz. A copy of the fourteenth-century contract entered into by Richard II is still in existence, bearing the words "Bought for the King for this Hall at Westminster, great oaks from Courthope of Wadhurst." For the present repair work about 3,000 cubic feet of timber will be required, and this has already been seasoned and selected by the Ministry of Works. The Courthope Estate possesses some trees which are at least 1,000 years old, and it is a model among forestry estates. Lord Courthope is a former Assistant Controller of Timber Supplies, and is Chairman of the Forestry Consultative Committee for England

THE SEASONED TRUNKS ARE READY FOR THE CARPENTER: Lord Courthope discussing the cutting of the logs which have been selected by the Ministry of Works and which will be used in the rebuilding of the great hammer-beam roof at Westminster Hall, which was badly damaged during the war. The original roof, built in 1394 by Richard II, contained timber from this very same estate. Just after the First World War the roof was strengthened with steel

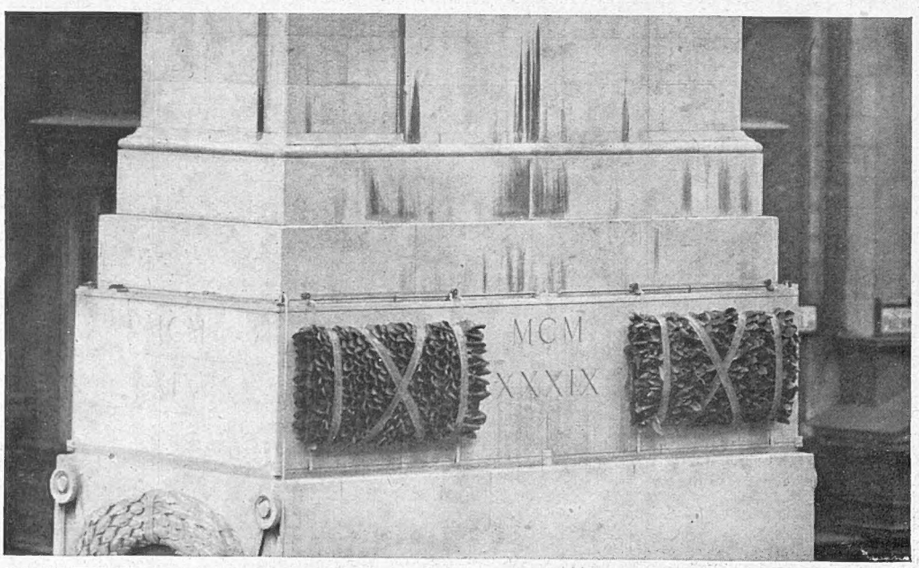
MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCH THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY FROM THE BALCONY OF THE HOME OFFICE : Princess Margaret, H.M. the Queen, Queen Mary, the Earl of Athlone, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alice taking part in the service from the draped balcony overlooking the memorial. They saw the King unveil the new inscriptions commemorating the Second World War

THE FIRST REMEMBRANCE DAY

The King Leads the Cenotaph Ceremony Honouring the Dead of Two Wars

Sunday, November 10, was the first Remembrance Day in Great Britain and the Commonwealth—Remembrance Day for two World Wars—and just before the Two Minutes' Silence the King unveiled the new inscriptions on the Cenotaph in Whitehall, thereby dedicating the memorial also to those who died in 1939-45. The deeply impressive ceremony was witnessed by a crowd at least 5,000 strong, while millions of listeners heard the broadcast of the service, and those with television apparatus were able to view it in its entirety. There was much that was familiar in this Cenotaph service, and the noble and moving traditions of Armistice Day were carried forward to this first Remembrance Day. The ceremony was timed to perfection, and as the King saluted after unveiling the new dates on the memorial, the first stroke of Big Ben and the crash of a gun on Horse Guards' Parade proclaimed the Two Minutes' Silence. Later, 2,000 ex-Servicemen and many others filed past the Cenotaph, continuing until late in the day

MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION AT THE CENOTAPH : Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Lord Jowitt (the Lord Chancellor), Colonel Clifton Brown (Speaker of the House of Commons) and Mr. Morrison seen with other Parliamentary notabilities during the service in Whitehall



ONE OF THE NEW INSCRIPTIONS WHICH THE KING UNVEILED : The Roman numerals 1939, together with the numerals 1945, face to west and east of the memorial, and they have been added on the same level as the numerals 1914 and 1919, which are on the north and south faces. The unveiling was achieved by the drawing apart of two shutters made from close-packed laurel wreaths

THE KING AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH STOOD SIDE BY SIDE AT THE SERVICE : His Majesty wore the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet and the Princess was in the khaki uniform of a Junior Commander. After the King had laid his wreath on the Cenotaph the Princess also added her tribute

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY: This was the scene before the Cenotaph as the King pulled the cord which drew apart the shuttering of laurel wreaths and revealed the new inscriptions on the east and west faces of the memorial, thus completing its dedication as a joint memorial

THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING THE DUAL MEMORIAL: The King pulling the tasselled cord which drew back the shuttering and revealed the new inscriptions on the Cenotaph. As he stepped back the first stroke of eleven o'clock from Westminster proclaimed the Two Minutes' Silence

VETERANS OF THE 1914-18 WAR MARCH AWAY FROM THE CENOTAPH: The long trail of ex-Servicemen seen as they filed from Whitehall after the Cenotaph service watched by vast crowds which packed the area of the memorial. Altogether 2,000 bemedalled men and women of the British Legion took part in the service, and they were headed by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice

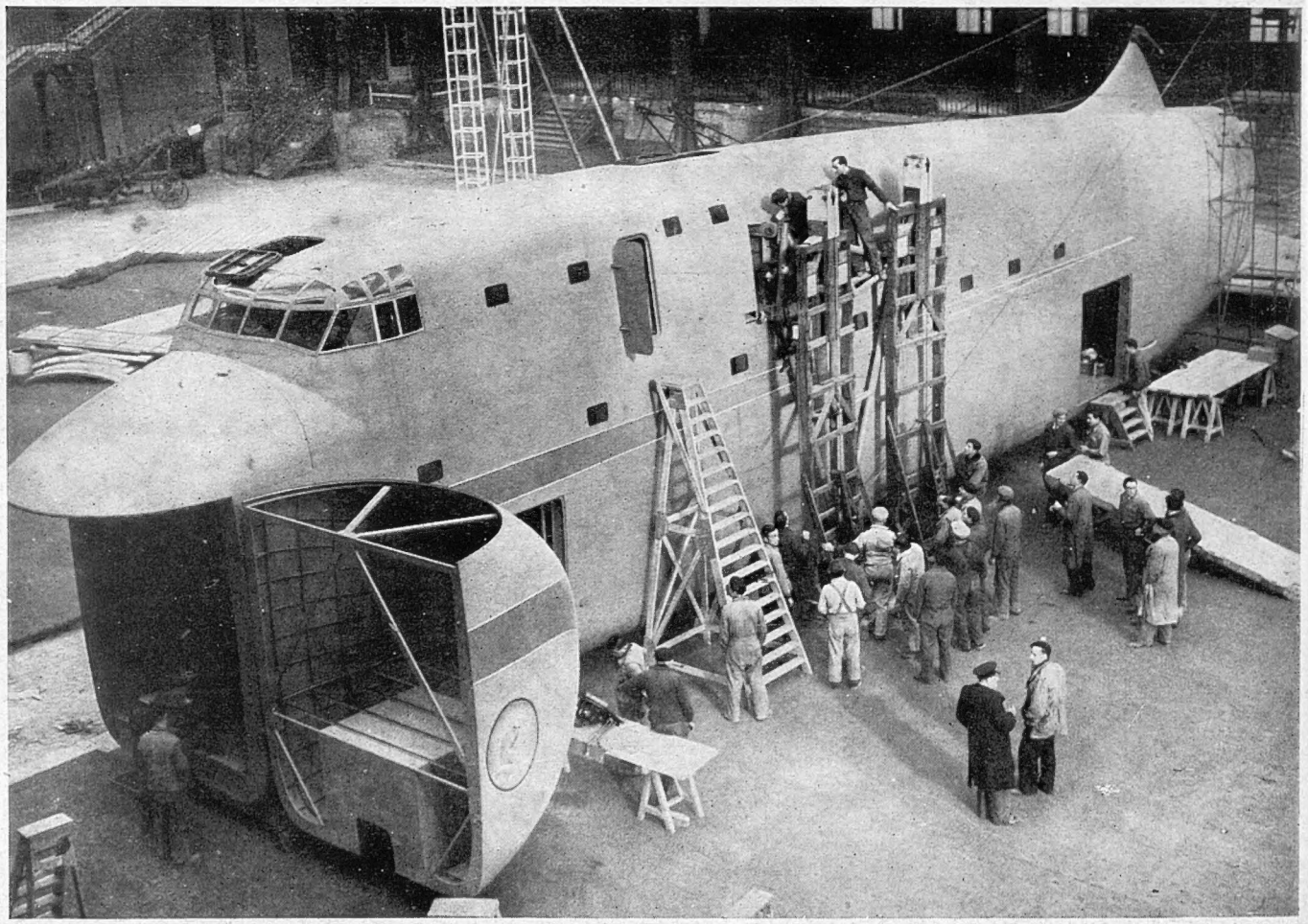
THE WRECKED DUTCH AIR-LINER AFTER ITS PASSENGERS HAD SURVIVED THE CRASH-LANDING: The K.L.M. Dakota, Croydon-bound on a flight from Amsterdam, seen after it came down in the woods at Shere, near Guildford. At the time of the accident the Dakota was flying in fog, and it is believed that it struck an oak-tree at the edge of the wood. Only Captain Kappelmeyer's handling of the machine prevented a disaster, and as it turned out only one passenger had to be detained in hospital. The wireless operator, Mr. Surink, whose left hand was cut, flew back to Amsterdam on the same day to be in time for his marriage

A DAKOTA'S LUCKY LANDING

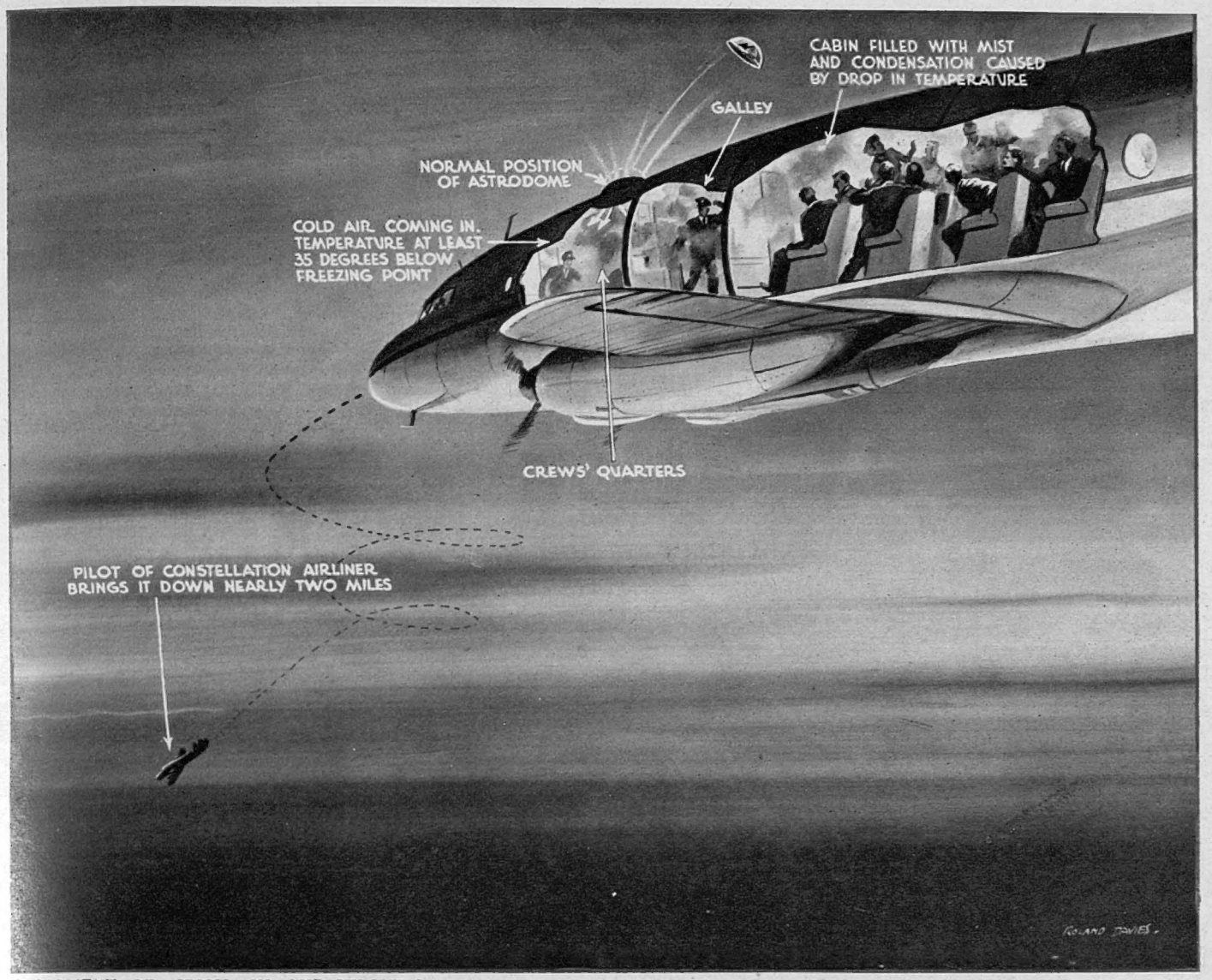
20 Escape in the Shere Air Crash

From the K.L.M. Dakota which crashed in the woods at Shere, near Guildford, members of the rescue party extracted a crateful of china of which not one piece was broken. The pilot was less fortunate, sustaining a broken collarbone and concussion, but it was due to his skilful handling of the machine that the fifteen passengers and the crew of five escaped serious injury. When the machine came down amid the fir-trees, it is evident from the above picture that its fall was broken to a marked degree. The bulk of the damage was sustained by the pilot's cockpit and the engine nacelles

On right—
The 17th Aviation Exhibition in Paris, which was due to open yesterday, is remarkable for the absence of many names associated with aircraft pioneering, and, of the old firms, only Louis Breguet and Morane Saulnier are to the forefront this year. The four leading nationalised concerns are all adequately represented, and the S.N.C.A. du Centre is showing the giant 40-ton Cormoran, a transport with a 15-ton capacity. A large section at the exhibition is being devoted to the jets



A GIANT AT THE PARIS AVIATION SHOW: The vast fuselage of the NC-211, Cormoran, being prepared for display at the 17th "Salon de l'Aviation" which was due to open on November 15. The Cormoran, which is a product of one of the newly-formed, French State-owned aviation companies, can carry about fifteen tons of freight, and it will be seen how the nose of the plane opens on hinges to allow the cargo to be stowed. A military version of the machine could thus take on board light artillery and towing vehicles, and it is probable that the French Government may decide to use the Cormoran for this purpose. The Cormoran is so large that it was at first decided to exhibit it in model form only, and it was only with great difficulty that it was eventually manœuvred through the main gate of the Palais Royal. Jet aircraft constitute another prominent feature of the exhibition



A MOMENT OF CRISIS IN MID-ATLANTIC—WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE ASTRODOME OF THE "BALMORAL" BLEW OFF AT 20,000 FT., CAUSING THE AIR PRESSURE TO DROP SUDDENLY: The incident occurred in the B.O.A.C. Constellation while she was halfway between Newfoundland and the Irish coast, but the captain righted matters by descending to 7,000 ft.—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

WHEN "BALMORAL'S" ASTRODOME BLEW AWAY

An Unusual Mishap in mid-Atlantic and How It was Dealt With

The mishap to the B.O.A.C. Constellation air-liner *Balmoral* while travelling at an altitude of 20,000 ft. in mid-Atlantic was of a most unusual nature. It appears that without warning the astrodome (or covering of the flight compartment) first split and then blew away. The air pressure in the *Balmoral* dropped at once, and the captain of the aircraft, Captain K. Buxton, immediately brought the Constellation down to a height at which the operation of the pressure cabin was unnecessary, and as a result, none of the passengers suffered any inconvenience.

When the astrodome blew away the cabin visibility fell because of condensation of moisture, and the change in atmosphere caused temporary fog to form within the aircraft. The moment the captain reduced his altitude to some 7,000 ft., conditions were restored to normal, and the aircraft was able to continue at full throttle on an even keel.

AND NOW THE WINGLESS GLIDER

An Unusual Type of Aircraft is Tried Out at Schenectady Airport

The Gyro-Glider, which has been creating such interest at the Flight Test Centre at Schenectady County Airport, New York State, receives its sustaining power from two free-swinging unpowered rotor blades instead of from fixed wings. The modern Dædalus who takes the controls is Mr. I. B. Bensen, one of the General Electric engineers responsible for the development of the Gyro-Glider, and he has demonstrated the glider's remarkable powers of weight-carrying. It has a framework of uncovered metal tubes welded into the shape of a pyramid. There is an open seat for the pilot and two 9-ft. rotor blades are mounted on top. The pitch of these can be varied from the pilot's seat. The machine has a vertical tail and, it is claimed, can be easily steered. The Gyro-Glider is not by any means an entirely new concept, as it resembles the Hafner "Rotochute," designed some years ago for the Airborne Forces Experimental Establishment.

MR. DÆDALUS GOES INTO ACTION—THE GYRO-GLIDER TAKES OFF FROM SCHENECTADY AIRPORT, NEW YORK STATE: The Gyro-Glider with towing-rope attached is hauled into the air by a jeep. This experimental model is being tried out by General Electric, who claim that it can sustain 300 lbs. in addition to its own weight. It has two free-swinging unpowered rotor blades instead of fixed wings. When cut adrift it descends at a speed less than a parachute, the rotor blades acting as a brake

THE "WAR OF NERVES" RETURNS

And on Both Sides of the Atlantic Perverse Influences are Providing the Ammunition for It

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE is a nerve war on, and Mr. Bevin says it must stop before normal, friendly relations can be established with the U.S.S.R. in full confidence.

How far back does the expression "war of nerves" take us? To the spring of 1938? Perhaps—the pressure applied on Schuschnigg by Hitler, as a prelude to "the invasion of flowers." We have since learnt that 1937 was the year in which Hitler became satisfied that his plans of aggression would be infallibly fed by the requisite men, machines and weapons, so that the beginning of the "war of nerves" early the following year was no random step, but a carefully chosen one. "The arms are guaranteed. Now we can begin to wear down the will of those we have selected. Now is the time to spread self-distrust and class feeling among those who shall submit to us or be our adversaries."

August 1938 saw nerve war No. 2—against Czechoslovakia over the Sudetenland. And then came Godesberg and an umbrella, and Hitler saying he wanted to kick the fellow downstairs; and swiftly there followed Munich. I always think that the state of the western surrenderers' nerves was best exemplified by Daladier's arrival back at le Bourget, when the self-doubting little fellow thought the rejoicing multitude below had come to lynch him and told the pilot to keep on circling.

So did that former nerve war become switched from Prague to Danzig, from Warsaw to Paris, to finish in the Low Countries in May 1940, by which time its technique had grown to be familiar. Goebbels searched out what was weak, wrong, contradictory, in the life and character of a nation, and "plugged" it by radio, newspaper and oratory. "Make them indulge in a torrent of self-criticism, causing them to feel how ineffective they are beside us! That 's the way to build up our Fifth Column. And then play on the democracies' well-known hatred and fear of war, these soft, over-indulged democrats! Show them how they only have to give a bit more—always a bit more—and they 'll be left to their beautiful peace!"

The technique had as its centre-piece the display of military might, then the new claim coupled with the announcement that Germany had no further territorial claims to make. Alternately, Hitler's patience would be exhausted—and we know how Goering transmitted the exhaustion to Hacha by threatening to raze Prague with the dawn.

What resemblance does the present alleged nerve war bear to its successful forerunner? Mr. Bevin speaks as if the Russians were the only ones giving people the jumps. Others may be doing the like without wishing to, yet they are doing it all the same. But, for the moment, let us proceed as if Russia were the only protagonist.

If there be no strident exhibition of might paraded and withdrawn in conformity with (awaited) appeasement, the now historic "iron curtain" serves to spread at least some of the nerviness that Hitler's overt stridency disseminated. Others do not know what degree of war preparation goes on east of the Stettin-Trieste Line, nor in what strength and offensive state are the sixty Soviet divisions which, Stalin avers, are all that garrison the occupied territories (less annexed ones like East Prussia and the Baltic States), Poland and the Balkans. Russia's refusal, so far, to swop information on military matters and war production and potential, must be notched as one clear facet of a nerve war; nor does the excuse which Russia suggests—that others would only give her misleading information in return—nor does this hold any water.

There is an uncomfortable similarity between the Soviet Army's lining up in front of Turkey, high-pressure radio propaganda from Moscow designed to spread discord among Turks, and the accompanying claim to co-defence (which would mean Russian possession) of the Dardanelles, and Hitler's "strong arm" extortion performances of 1938-39, albeit the Russian threat doesn't suggest a like intent-to-violence. That the Turks have stood up to it may mean our nerves have grown harder. The charge that Britain is propping up a neo-Fascist restoration in Greece, and thereby imperilling the world's peace, reminds of Hitler's assertion that he only invaded Norway and the Low Countries because the British were on the point of doing so. The truth, of course, is that when we move out of Greece we risk Russian influence converging upon it from east, north and west. But we did ease back to power what used to be a class dictatorship.

Tito's men in Trieste and Julian Venetia recall Danzig and the Corridor, minus the swarms of "tourists" who now aren't wanted. The same vamped-up ideology, slogans and posters, the same ordered processions and demonstrations.

Other nerve wars of varying intensity have lately been waged on Austria, Hungary, Sweden and in Berlin. The Austrian case is the crudest, and when the U.S. Army-controlled *Wiener Kurier* asserts that the Russians are partly responsible for the grave shortage of food and other products—*that* is the way, I say, to react to a nerve war practised upon you. Tell the fellow who is putting on the heat exactly all you know about him, tell it by radio, speech and in print. Silence is not discretion but appeasing.

The Swedish affair had its frolic side. Shortly before the Russians wished the Swedes to advance them goods, rockets ascended from the Peenemunde region and so impressed the Swedes that they took to regular siren exercises—and signed the trade agreement. Berlin's little nerve war develops as a mixture of violent, Soviet-directed Press and radio attacks on two of the Allies sharing the capital, of descents by the N.K.V.D. (Russian secret police), recurrent "incidents" involving Soviet soldiers, kidnappings and deportings, and the withholding of food—such as locally grown vegetables—from the population.

Is it realised how completely encircled and cut off Berlin could become? I merely pass on a reflection sometimes heard in Berlin.

Can the Communist Parties in other countries sincerely be likened to the Fifth Columns that Hitler and Mussolini reared? The former Fifth Columns were considerably venal and bought traitors, whereas these Communists at least seem to be working from faith. Where the Kremlin has introduced an aspect of the "nerve war" is in causing Communist Parties to share the Government (as in France), and then criticise Cabinet colleagues. When a party in a foreign country accepts loyalty to Russia as the governing principle of its policy, that prevents the country in question from building up a free society.

This brings one to what lies behind Russian policy. Is it really an effort to gain time, to prevent Europe from recovering until deeply injured Russia is ready to skip ahead with atom bombs?

Mercifully are we spared the screaming week-end rhetoric of Hitler and Mussolini. There is something clipped and slightly grim about Soviet utterances, save when little Manuilsky develops heartfelt Ukrainian throbs for far-distant and surprised corners of the world, or when he charges that a war of nerves is being waged against the Soviet, as U.N.O. delegates accuse Russia of delaying one approach to peace among peoples after another.

Instead of the massed arenas of pre-war, the Russians may have found in U.N.O. a great piano upon which to play . . . on the nerves of other peoples.

And now a new twist to the alleged "nerve war." Stalin answers newspaper questions, appearing to extend a hand to the West and America, only for Molotov to attack dollar diplomacy and imperialism in his most stabbing style the very next day. Blow hot, blow cold. Keep them on the hop! How evoking it all is.

A good deal of what the Russians say about the United States is true: there *is* a system of hauling nations to the Union by giving or withholding loans, and little new about it. Likewise, British imperialism—continued presence against the wish of native peoples—has not ceased. What annoys the Russians, however, is that our half-voluntary withdrawals render it more difficult for them ever to succeed us.

But nerve war is not waged all by one side. Each time President Truman intones "Another 100,000 wouldn't do them any harm," he contributes to the unease as surely as do the Russians in speeding young Jewish Communists on their not-so-underground way to Palestine. Each time U.S. senators as good as intone *We want Schacht*, they do no less.

Senator Connally, chairman Senate Foreign Affairs Committee: "We want Germany to rebuild her energies and attain a commanding place in Europe, because Europe needs the resources of Germany." To which Truman's adviser, Edwin Pawley, answers that this is the road back to what happened after the other war when "Germany was not only permitted, but directly helped by loans from the United States, to build up industry from which it mounted World War II."

Such diametrically opposed views upon high, in the most powerful of all countries, is the very stuff of a nerve war.

That Russia has no monopoly in a war of nerves is further proclaimed by the American attitude over food. What other thing can so unsettle, o'er the wide world, as not knowing from one day to the next how the Americans propose to employ their crowning possession—the choice of feeding or not feeding hungry millions of human beings?

Yes, there is one other thing that can unsettle more—and that is playing about with the atom bomb, like so many perverse schoolboys in a backyard. The whole usage of the atom bomb, from its wilful revelation to the sailors' beano at Bikini, with its underlying threat to all whom it may concern, did more to damage the nerves of the world than anything the Russians have done.

GERMAN YOUTH ON THE MARCH: The Freie Deutsche Jugend parading with drum-and-fife band through a town in the Wanzleben district of Magdeburg. Red flags are draped on each drum, an indication of the movement's Russian inspiration

A SUNDAY MORNING IN WANZLEBEN: Members of the Freie Deutsche Jugend parading through a town in Magdeburg. The movement is sponsored by the Russians, and it has its counterpart in several organisations which have been started in Western Germany, among them being the Jugendborn (meaning Spring of Youth) which has sought to provide recreation and teach the British way of living. During the first days of the occupation, such organisations gained recruits swiftly as the schools were shut and the youth of Germany was unoccupied

"KNOCK-DOWNS" AND PLASTICS

Two London Exhibitions to Tantalise the Would-be Purchaser

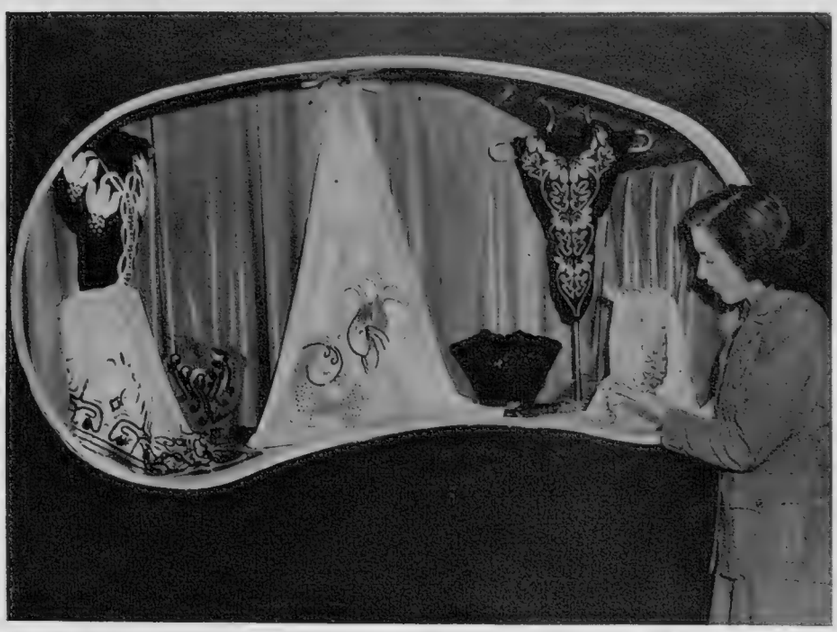
At the moment Londoners are being tantalised by exhibitions of goods they cannot as yet buy in the shops, and the Modern Swedish Home Exhibition in Conduit Street is no exception. A feature of this display is the "knock-down" furniture perfected by the Swedish architect-designer Mr. Elias Svedberg. Sweden, it appears, suffers like England from a shortage of furniture, and it is this shortage which necessitates rational methods of manufacture and distribution. Mr. Svedberg claims that he has solved the problem by providing a few simple furniture units which can be brought together in a number of different combinations, and can be assembled with ease by the amateur

A HOME FURNISHED FROM "BITS AND PIECES": This living-room is on view at the Modern Swedish Home Exhibition at the Building Centre, Conduit Street, and contains a new type of furniture designed by the Swedish architect Elias Svedberg. It is made in separate parts and requires only a screw-driver and a little common sense to assemble it. It can be brought together in a number of combinations

SWEDEN'S "KNOCK-DOWN" FURNITURE: A settee, an easy chair and bookshelves at the Modern Swedish Home Exhibition. They are delivered to the purchaser "knock-down," and the designer claims that householders can save heavy transport costs

A SWEDISH BEDROOM: Some more examples of "knock-down" furniture after its assembly and as displayed at the Building Centre

WONDERS OF THE PLASTICS EXHIBITION: A plastic violin (*left*) and a selection of plastic clothes at the display at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, arranged by the British Plastics Federation. The exhibition illustrates the whole story of the development of plastics, but most interest attaches to the galleries showing modern domestic products in this material. Many housewives linger at length over the plastic washbowls and other domestic items. A number of foreign buyers attended the official opening by Mr. William Mabane



THE CRUISER AND HER A. A. ROLE—A LESSON DRIVEN HOME DURING THE AUTUMN EXERCISES OF THE HOME FLEET, JUST CONCLUDED OFF THE WEST COAST an aircraft-carrier and using their powerful anti-aircraft batteries to ward off the attacks of enemy medium bombers. Both in Britain and America it spearhead of the fleet, and the battleship and the cruiser are now essentially protective in their capacity. The A.-A. batteries are capable of low-angle

In the spring of 1946 Mr. James Forrestal, the United States Naval Secretary declared that it was now an established part of American naval policy that the aircraft-carrier had become the spearhead of the fleet, the carrier fighters and bombers being charged with the task of seeking out and destroying the enemy. The cruiser and the battleship may in consequence be relegated often to a protective role, and if their powerful radar-directed anti-aircraft batteries can keep the skies clear, the carrier can go in and do its work effectively. This point was not lost during the recent exercises of the British Home Fleet off the west coast, when the fleet's tremendous flak power was demonstrated in a night action. Britain's latest battleship, the *Vanguard*, is essentially an anti-aircraft ship, and her batteries are radar-controlled

BATTLESHIP AND CRUISER ON HOME FLEET MANŒUVRES: H.M.S. "King George V" (left) and H.M.S. "Diadem" seen in the course of the autumn exercises which ended in a "four-day war" off the west coast. Admiral Sir Neville Syfret wore his flag in "King George V," and in the course of the manœuvres was able to test out the efficiency of many of the 1946 recruits

H.M.S. "LIVERPOOL" RETURNS TO MALTA AFTER THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET EXERCISES: The warship, wearing the flag of Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, seen on arrival at Valetta following the cruise to Greece, Cyprus and Egypt. The closing stages of the cruise were marred by the serious accidents which befell the destroyers "Volage" and "Saumarez"

The CRUISER'S NEW FUNCTION

As Exemplified in the Autumn Cruises of the Royal Navy

...n artist's impression of cruisers escorting ... recognised that the carrier is the ... as high-angle fire—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE HOME FLEET: A scene on board H.M.S. "Superb" as members of the crew hauled on a line to make fast a visiting stores ship during the recent exercises off the west coast. The "Superb," sister-ship of the "Swiftsure," is one of Britain's newest cruisers. She is equipped with powerful anti-aircraft batteries

During the autumn exercises of the Home Fleet the new 8,000-ton cruiser H.M.S. *Superb* played a big part in the "four-day mock battle" and showed to marked advantage as she led the Second Cruiser Squadron into action, wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral H. A. Packer. The *Superb*, which is a slightly modified version of the Uganda class, was laid down by Swan Hunter's in 1942 and completed in August 1945. Her armament includes nine 6-in. guns and no fewer than ten radar-controlled 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, numerous pom-poms, and 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns. Great stress is laid on her anti-aircraft role, in fact, and during one of the exercises it was her duty to protect the aircraft-carrier *Implacable* from the attacks of Coastal Command Beaufighters and rocket-firing Mosquitoes. In March of this year H.M.S. *Superb* was in the news when she carried Princess Elizabeth on her visit to Belfast

CATTING THE ANCHOR!

On left—

Of recent weeks controversy has been proceeding in the Press regarding the origin of the phrase "catting the anchor," and while some correspondents have urged that the word "catting" is a derivative of the Dutch word "Ketting" (meaning chain), others have declared that it is a reference to the cat's head frequently carved on the fixed projection of timber near the bows of sailing-ships, which was used to make fast the anchor. In giving his views on the controversy, Sir Alan Moore, author of "The Last Days of Mast and Sail," states that the word "catting" is at least as old as the fifteenth century and that it was used with regard to anchor stowage before the cat-head was invented, probably in the sixteenth century. The drawing shows first an old anchor of the type used in the *Victory*. It has a heavy wooden stock and straight arms coming down to a sharp point. The second type, still used in sailing-vessels and small craft, has an iron stock, which in some patterns can be unshipped. The arms are curved and the flukes not so sharp.

The third type, of which there are many variations, is in general use in all large modern ships, and also in many tugs, power-driven yachts, etc. Its arms and flukes are pivoted so that they fall to a certain angle, on either side of the shank, so digging into the ground however the anchor lies.

In sailing-vessels carrying the first or second type, the anchor, on being weighed, had to be "catted" and "fished," the terms used to describe how it was stowed at sea.

At each side of the bow were heavy projecting beams of wood called cat-heads, with sheaves in the outer end, from which was suspended a large pulley-block. When the anchor had been raised clear of the water, the cat-block was hooked into its ring and it was hauled close up to the cat-head. This was called "catting" the anchor.

Then a rope was passed round the anchor near the arms, and it was raised into a horizontal position against the side of the ship. It was now said to be catted and fished.

Large ships carry several anchors, among them a "sheet anchor." This is a heavy anchor used in emergency. In the old sailing-vessels it was carried just aft of the fore rigging, and later, warships stowed it in a second hawse-pipe on the starboard side.

The majority of modern passenger-liners have a specially-shaped recess on each side of the bow in which the anchors stow flush with the ship's side.

Drawing by S. E. Beck

NEWS from THREE CONTINENTS

To-day Czechoslovakia stands at the cross-roads of European affairs. She is essentially the link between Soviet Russia and the democracies of the West, and fittingly enough she has a Coalition Ministry largely consisting of Communists and the Christian Democrats and Social Nationalists who represent Liberal opinion in the country. Since Mr. Klemmens Gottwald, the Communist Prime Minister, took office in July of this year with his very assorted Cabinet, Government affairs in the country appear to have gone remarkably smoothly, and some hint of this accord may be found in the informality which characterises all his Cabinet meetings, as revealed in the picture reproduced on the right

INFORMALITY AT THE CZECH CABINET MEETINGS: This picture was taken as Mr. Gottwald, the Communist leader of Czechoslovakia's Coalition Government, presided over a meeting of members of his Cabinet in Prague. Members in the background are seen discussing among themselves an item on the agenda, while another Minister (right) sits among the coffee cups and prepares a statement

DENMARK EXPELS ITS GERMAN REFUGEES: The first party leaving their Copenhagen camp en route to Germany. After the collapse of the Third Reich 200,000 Germans flocked into Denmark; since then the Danish authorities have been busy sorting them out

PANDIT NEHRU OUTLINES INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY: The Chief Minister, who also acts as Minister for External and Commonwealth Relations, addressing a Press conference in New Delhi. He announced the Government's intention of despatching a goodwill mission to the Middle East and of establishing informal contacts with the countries of both Western and Eastern Europe. Mr. Nehru also announced that an Indian Diplomatic and Consular Service was being created. He defined the Government of India's attitude towards the United Nations as "one of wholehearted co-operation and unreserved adherence in both spirit and letter to the charter governing it." Mr. Nehru's sister, Mrs. Laxmi Pandit, it will be remembered, recently left for New York, where she has been leading India's U.N. delegation

THE INDEPENDENT M.P. FOR THE CYCLADES: A new power in Greek affairs. Mr. Spyro Markezinis, who is said to have played a large part in securing the return to the throne of King George of the Hellenes, waving farewell to some of his friends as he left the Piræus en route to England on an unofficial visit

GREECE CELEBRATES THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR AGAINST ITALY: Three days of ceremonial in Athens. Crown Prince Paul, the King's brother, and Crown Princess Frederica seen during the march-past at Athens Stadium. On the left of the Princess is Mr. Gonatas, Minister of Public Works. The ceremonies opened at Athens University, where King George II visited the grave of the Unknown Warrior

BERLIN HAS A NEW LORD MAYOR: A German leader with an anti-Nazi record. A new picture of Dr. Otto Ostrowski, who has been nominated for office by the Social Democratic Party after its success in the recent municipal elections. Dr. Ostrowski, who is sixty-three years of age, played a part in civic affairs after the First World War, but in 1933 the Nazis compelled him to resign his post as Burgomaster of one of the Berlin Districts

THE PROTOTYPE FOR THE LATEST CROP OF PALESTINIAN SETTLEMENTS: Looking across the fertile lands at Beth Eshel which Jewish enterprise has claimed for agriculture from the arid wastes near Beersheba. Beth Eshel has been in existence for just about three years, and its remarkable success has led to the recent establishment of at least twelve other settlements largely in the southern desert area of Palestine

BEFORE THE FATEFUL VOYAGE: The yacht "Nova," sometimes known as "Scotia," which was lost at sea for 132 days after setting out on a voyage from Jerseyville, New South Wales. Jim Cush, sole survivor, declared that he fed on soup made from barnacles

JAPAN CELEBRATES THE NEW ERA: The Omikoshi Shrine, which is only brought from its temple on very rare occasions, being paraded through the streets of Tokyo at the newly-inaugurated Festival of "The Reconstruction of the New Japan." Tokyo was gaily decorated for the occasion with triumphal arches erected in many of the streets, and it was planned that the festivities should continue until November 3 and the promulgation of the new Constitution agreed to by the Allied Powers. Conditions in Japan have improved vastly of recent months, and the threat of famine has been removed by the quite remarkable success of the 1946 rice crop

THE STONE DINING-HALL AND OPEN-AIR PLAYGROUND AT BETH ESHEL: An example of a great communal settlement near Beersheba which has risen to prosperity in the space of three years. Altogether sixteen square kilometres of desert have been reclaimed, and it now appears as a fertile grain-producing plain where experiments in tree-growing and various branches of horticulture are proving most fruitful. The success of the experiment is due to an elaborately-contrived system of irrigation, and this will doubtless be copied in the other new settlements which are being established in the region. Some of these new settlements have actually come into being overnight, the settlers arriving by lorry with the prefabricated parts of their homes

RESCUER AND RESCUED: Jim Cush, sole survivor of the voyage in the Australian yacht "Nova," seen with Ivar Petersen (left), the man who discovered him clinging to the rocks of the Isle of Pines, in the New Caledonian group, after he had been 132 days at sea. News of the rescue has created a sensation in Australia, and the police are said to be inquiring into the whole circumstances of the voyage. Jim Cush and his three companions set off from Jerseyville, New South Wales, on June 8 of this year and nothing more was heard of them until Cush's rescue in New Caledonia. The others, he said, had died from starvation and thirst, and he had just managed to survive by making soup from barnacles scraped from the *Nova's* keel. When Cush was wrecked off the Isle of Pines he clung to the rocks for four hours before being saved. During the voyage his weight dropped by seven stone

TOKYO GOES GAY: A triumphal arch erected in the capital for the festival of thanksgiving held in connection with the promulgation of the new Constitution

CALCUTTA CELEBRATES THE FESTIVAL OF KALI PUJA—AS THE IMAGE OF THE GODDESS KALI IS TAKEN TO THE GANGES FOR IMMERSION, FIGHTING BREAKS OU ALONG THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTE: An artist's impression of a recent incident in Calcutta, where the animosity between Hindu and Muslim seems to ha shown little diminution since the new Coalition Government took office in New Delhi—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The World Through the Eyes of Sphere Artists

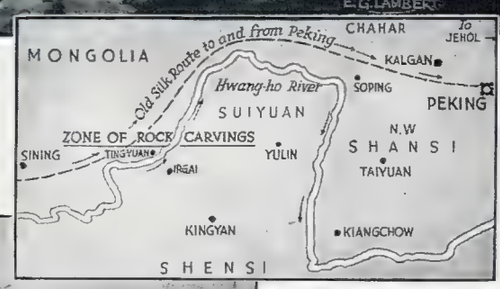
THE CONTINUING TRAGEDY OF INDIA

The Nationalist Push in the Chinese Civil War: Bulgaria Goes to the Polls

In India, the first All-India Cabinet has already given place to a more representative Cabinet, including members of the Muslim League, but in the great sub-continent the pendulum of communal strife has continued to swing from east to west, from Calcutta to Bombay and back again, and in the first week of November conditions throughout the country could hardly have been more tragic. The communal rioting in Bihar was particularly savage, and Mr. Gandhi, shocked by the hooliganism that has been manifested by Hindu and Muslim alike, declared that unless the Bihar rioters came to their senses he would start a "fast unto death." Of recent weeks religious observances have played a part in exacerbating feeling between the Hindus and Muslims, and in Calcutta at the great Hindu Festiv Kali Puja, when the goddess Kali is carried in procession f immersion in the Ganges, armed police were much in evid nc Even so, many were killed during the rioting which occurre in various parts of the city in the course of the day. On Novem er it was the turn of the Muslims to celebrate, and at the fe tiv of Id-ul-Zuha it was expected that there would be blood h throughout India. Except in Bombay, where there were tw ch cases of stabbing, the festival passed off peaceably in the c tie but in some country districts arson, murder and looting ve carried to new lengths. A deeply-alarming aspect of th communal strife has become the prevalence of acid-thro in

LOOTING AND INCENDIARISM IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF COMMUNAL CLASHES IN PROGRESS IN THE AREA OF THE BURRA BAZAAR: During the last days of October and the first days of November, Calcutta was for the time being the centre of communal strife in India, and although conditions were nothing like so serious as they were in the late summer, when many thousands of casualties were reported and confirmed, they were still sufficiently alarming to show that the new Government in India has brought no change of heart as between Hindu and Muslim. In an effort to maintain order in Calcutta, the Government has decided to make even greater use of the curfew and the order banning assemblies—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIONALIST DRIVE IN NORTHERN SHENSI : An artillery column halts in a village in close proximity to some of the ancient Buddhistic rock-carvings which are such a strange feature of this little-known part of China which lies just off the old Peiping silk route. The civil war in Shensi, Shansi and the Shantung peninsula continues to go very much in favour of the forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, whose equipment, much of which comes from the United States, is far superior to that of the Communists. With the fall of the Communist stronghold of Kalgan, the war really entered upon a new phase, and it is possible that the Communists will resort increasingly to guerilla activities—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE PROGRESS OF THE CONFLICT IN NORTH CHINA : A sketch-map showing the provinces of Shensi and Shansi through which Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has been conducting his drive against the Communists. The remarkable area of Buddhist rock-carvings, which is illustrated above, lies west of Peiping, on the Hwang Ho

GOING TO THE POLLS BY WATER IN BULGARIA—PEASANT FOLK ARRIVING AT TIRNOVA, ON THE YANTRA RIVER, TO RECORD THEIR VOTES IN THE GENERAL ELECTION : In this old-world backwater the elections passed off with reasonable quietude, but there is every evidence to show that in some parts of Bulgaria they were conducted in an atmosphere of terrorism. Before Sofia rose to prominence Tirnova was the old capital of Bulgaria. It is picturesquely situated on a bend of the river—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

On left—At least four murders of a political character were reported from Bulgaria during the period of the elections, and there is every evidence to show that the voting in many parts of the country took place in an atmosphere of terror. The simple issue before the electorate was whether the Communists would still continue to dominate the political scene, and British observers who were in Bulgaria at the time of the voting seemed to be of the unanimous opinion that the Communists were making sure that nothing should oust them. Delays in issuing electoral cards to opposition supporters were typical of the tactics employed, and resulted in many people not recording their votes at all, while others were prevented from reaching the polls by deliberate interception on the roads

UNIFORMS:

The King's Bargemaster is Fitted Out for the Opening of Parliament; The Air Stewardesses of B.O.A.C.

WHEN TURK MEETS TURK! The King's Bargemaster and the King's Swankeeper, Mr. R. H. Turk and Mr. F. Turk, at the Jermyn Street tailors where the King's Bargemaster was fitted with his new and resplendent gold and scarlet uniform. Both men took part in this week's Opening of Parliament, Mr. F. Turk acting in the capacity of a Waterman

MR. R. H. TURK, BARGEMASTER TO THE KING, IN HIS NEW UNIFORM: Mr. Turk, who has recently been appointed to this office, which has been vacant since the death of Mr. J. T. Phelps in 1942, wearing the scarlet and gold-braided frock tunic, surmounted by a blue peaked cap, in which he appeared publicly for the first time at this week's State Opening of Parliament. This picture was taken at the Jermyn Street tailors where he went for his final fitting. Mr. Turk's brother, Mr. F. Turk, is the King's Swankeeper, and another brother, Mr. H. E. Turk, is Swan-Marker to the Dyers' Company. They were prominent figures during the swan-upping activities which took place in early autumn

AIR STEWARDESSES OF B.O.A.C. IN THEIR NEW BARATHEA UNIFORMS: Miss N. Taylor, Miss E. Sutton, Miss J. Huntley and Mrs. V. Barker seen at London Airport, where they are preparing for their first trip to New York in the British Overseas Airways Corporation's Constellations. The girls are at present undergoing a ten-weeks' course of training in their work, which will involve attendance on passengers during flights, the preparation and serving of food, and the tending of sick. The course also includes lessons in etiquette, and the girls are instructed in such tasks as the reassurance of frightened passengers. On every voyage the girls will work in conjunction with the male stewards

FASHIONS FOR FLIGHT: A comparison between the former air stewardess's uniform and the new outfit (right), which is of finer material and rather neater appearance. The old uniform had a naval air, while the newer model, with its belt and large pockets, is rather more on the R.A.F. pattern

THIS ENGLAND

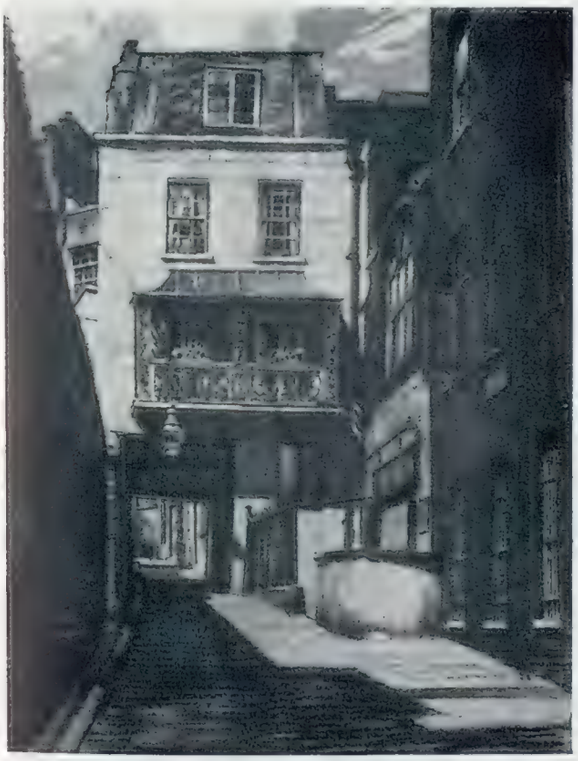
How the Pilgrim Trust Has Recorded in Book Form the Beauty of the Contemporary Scene

The Luftwaffe has changed the face of Britain as never before, taking with it in its embracing sweep the gems of our architectural heritage and often laying low, at the same time, the meanest slums. Luftwaffe or no Luftwaffe, however, the face of Britain changes more swiftly than many of us will allow and, despite the protective work of the National Trust and the ever-watchful Georgian Group, old houses, streets and monuments disappear or are subjected to radical change with alarming frequency. The vital importance of recording these changes in the contemporary British scene has been fully realised by the Pilgrim Trust, and ever since 1940 a carefully-chosen band of men and women has been busy painting and drawing in every part of the land, concentrating in particular on historic places threatened with demolition. The final

(Continued below on left)

VICTORIA SQUARE REVEALS THE LINGERING INFLUENCE OF THE REGENCY: This square, built at the accession of Queen Victoria, after Eaton Square and before Belgrave Square, stands between the Palace grounds and the bustle of Victoria Station. The drawing is the work of Caroline Ediss and is a notable contribution to the London section of Volume I of *Recording Britain*, which has just been published by the Oxford University Press in association with the Pilgrim Trust. Victoria Square, possessing many characteristics not unworthy of the planners' notice, uses up the central space of an irregular block and, although it has no central garden, it has an air of quiet dignity. Historically, it has not achieved much distinction since Thomas Campbell ("Ye Mariners of England") became tenant of No. 8

CLERKENWELL GREEN AS IT WAS IN 1941: Edward Walker's drawing of a square celebrated both in church and political history. St. James's Church, whose steeple dominates the Green, was bought by the congregation in 1656 and they still own it and appoint their own vicar. Among the celebrities buried within are Thomas Britton, the musical coal-merchant, and in his shop in neighbouring Aylesbury Street he organised the first public concerts ever held in London. Marx House (it is Marx House no longer, and the name is painted over) was built in the 1840's as a Welsh orphanage, but by the beginning of the nineteenth century it had become a coffee-house and also a haunt of Radicals. Karl Marx visited the Radical Club there, and Hyndman installed his Twentieth Century Press on the premises



THE WATCH-HOUSE IN STRAND LANE: This drawing by Edward Walker represents one of the last remaining watch-houses, the first primitive police-stations of London, which were introduced in the reign of Henry III "for the full remedies of the enormities of the night." The Strand Watch-House is well hidden, lying amid the maze of passages between St. Mary-le-Strand and the Thames

(Continued from above)

result of their work will be a set of four volumes, priced at five guineas the set, and dealing with every county in England. The work is called *Recording Britain*, and the first of the volumes has just made its appearance, being published by the Oxford University Press in association with the Pilgrim Trust. On this and the following pages reproductions are given from the superb drawings and paintings in the book, which is itself magnificently produced, being freed from the restrictive influences of wartime book-production. During the war many of these paintings were on view in the National Gallery and they aroused much favourable comment. The first volume of *Recording Britain* deals with the counties of London, Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire

DOCKSIDE AND SUBURBAN LONDON: *Left*—**"The Prospect of Whitby," by W. Fairclough; and** (*right*) **"The Old Mill at Ponders End," by Louisa Puller.** "The Prospect" is in Wapping, and although not by any means the oldest, is certainly one of the most picturesque of London's inns. Beyond the bar is a verandah, where visitors may sit and drink their beer and watch the river traffic. The mill at Ponders End is also not of great antiquity, but it is a wonderful example of the weather-boarded houses which were once so common in London. It stands by an extension of the River Lea

"ON THE CREST OF RICHMOND HILL": An impression by J. S. Sanderson-Wells from the Surrey section of "Recording Britain," the first of four volumes issued by the Pilgrim Trust in association with the Oxford University Press. The house belongs to the early years of the nineteenth century, a time, says Arnold Palmer, who contributes the commentary, when almost any architect could still be trusted not to go very far wrong. It commands the magnificent and familiar tree-fringed view of the Thames winding up towards Twickenham

A STUDY IN WEATHERBOARD: "Newark Mill, Ripley," a drawin by Edward Walker. The present mill is not more than two centur old, but it is the last descendant of mills which for 700 years ha occupied the spot. With its tiled mansard-type roof and weatherboarde walls, it is an unusually picturesque specimen of its kind, and the r markable fact is that it is barely more than 20 miles from Central Lond Ripley being five miles north-east of Guildford. Another of the weatherboarded mills—even nearer London—survives out at Ponders En

"SMALL'S FARM AT BRIGHTWELL": A famous Elizabethan house in Berkshire with a chequered history. A drawing by W. Fairclough made in August 1940. Little is known about the house sav for the fact that it was built by Mr. Small, a burgess of Wallingford, and for nearly four centuries n subsequent occupant has ousted his name from the place. Up to a few years ago the building was n completed, no boards being laid on some of the floors of the upper rooms. In spite of its incompletenes it had not stood empty, however, and in the 1930's a purchaser was found who at last completed th top storey, only to see a disastrous fire undo his work and restore the place, more or less, to the con dition it has always known. Evidence of the fire is revealed in this drawing by the exposed eaves A local tradition declares that at one time it was used as a summer residence by the Bishops of Winchester and although it is known that the bishops had certain lands and property in the neighbourhood local antiquarians doubt whether the farm was ever used for this purpose

"THE TOWN HALL AT GODALMING," BY G. W. HOOPER: With its small clock tower and copper cupola, polygonal end on open arches, and general irregularity, Godalming's Town Hall has many admirers. It has needed these admirers, it appears, for there has been recurrent local agitation for its removal, declares Arnold Palmer in his notes accompanying the drawing. The hall was built on its island site in 1814, when the town's old industry of cloth manufacture was already far decayed

THIS ENGLAND

Artists Survey the Beauties of the Contemporary Scene

On right—

"THE TITHE BARN AT GREAT COXWELL": A painting by John Piper of a celebrated landmark in the Berkshire countryside. In all England there are few, if any, more famous barns than this. It has served its purpose for something like 700 years, and it still looks good for nearly as long again. The barn was built by the Cistercians on their farm at Great Coxwell, which they owned until the dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century. They constructed it of Cotswold stone and Witney slates, building it to a pattern they well understood—the decorated period cruciform in shape, with a nave and two aisles

"THE ABBEY GATEHOUSE AT ST. ALBANS," BY MALVINIA CHEEK : It was built in 1361 or 1362 by Abbot de la Mere and he used the gatehouse as his prison, offenders being confined in the subterranean dungeons. In 1381, during the Peasants' Revolt against the hated poll tax, the insolence of the tax-collectors, and the extravagances of John of Gaunt's caretaker Government, the rioters, led by the priest John Ball, besieged St. Albans and were held up by the Gatehouse. At the dissolution of the monasteries the Gatehouse was saved from the general demolition by its dungeons and became the jail for the Liberty of St. Albans; and for the next ninety-eight years the Sessions were held in the large room above. During the Napoleonic Wars a number of French prisoners were held in the Gatehouse

"BOW BRICKHILL," A CHARMING BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE PORTRAYED BY S. R. BADMIN : Bow Brickhill, near Fenny Stratford, commemorates no feat of archery, but derives its name from Henry de Bovels, an important figure in the district in the reign of King John. The village possesses a number of seventeenth-century houses, one of the oldest being the Wheatsheaf Inn, which dates back to 1600. The village is also associated essentially with the name of Browne Willis (1682-1760), an eccentric member of a Buckinghamshire family and an inveterate restorer of buildings

"HIGH STREET, AMERSHAM," BY STANLEY ANDERSON, R.A. : An old town in Buckinghamshire which has kept its character with the passage of the years. By good fortune the new town of Amersham, arising round the railway station, is divided by a steepish hill some three-quarters of a mile in length from the old town below. This arrangement gives both places a chance to escape compromise and comparison. The main feature of the old High Street is the Market Hall, a two-storeyed building of red and blue bricks above its graceful archways

"WESTMILL," A CHARACTERISTIC HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE : This drawing of Westmill is by Irene Hawkins, who contributes several works to the Hertfordshire section of "Recording Britain." Westmill lies half a mile to the west of Ermine Street, the old Roman thoroughfare. The fifteenth-century tower of the church of St. Mary overlooks the village green, and it is bordered by picturesque eighteenth-century cottages

"THE BREAD BOX, DUNSTABLE PRIORY," BY KENNETH ROWNTREE, A.R.W.S. : The dresser, bearing the words "Mrs. Cart's Bread," stands near the West Door of the Priory. Each Sunday twenty-four loaves are placed on the shelves in accordance with the benefaction of Mrs. Jane Cart. Mrs. Cart died in 1736 at the age of eighty-three, leaving a sum of money to provide for the distribution of bread to the poor

On right—

"THE ROUND HOUSE AT HARROLD," BY S. R. BADMIN : On the triangular green in this Bedfordshire village is the Round House, which once served as the village prison or lock-up. It is built entirely of stone, having a thick wall and a dunce's cap roof, and is as primitive in design as a Central African's hut. Just beneath the roof is an iron grating about 8 ins. by 5, and this was the sole source of light and ventilation for the local wrongdoers who happened to be confined there. The date of the lock-up's origin is unknown, but it must be of extreme antiquity. It has been used within living memory

OXFORD IN 1946

Ex-Servicemen Undergraduates Give the University a New Post-war Aspect

That war, quite apart from its myriad other evils, is the greatest waster of precious time is well exemplified by modern Oxford, where to-day many hundreds of undergraduates, whose education was interrupted by the war, are now thronging the colleges in an effort to gain the degrees which normally they would have received in first manhood. As a result, Oxford is much overcrowded, having nearly 5,000 undergraduates as compared with about 3,000 in 1939, and they are divided into two distinct groups; those who have just left their public schools and secondary schools and those who have just left one of the Services. For this reason modern Oxford is more staid than it was in the '30's; parties and wild escapades are not so much the order of the day. The older undergraduates are mostly very much men of the world, and their obvious purpose is to make up for all that has been lost. The ex-Servicemen undergraduates are being helped in large measure by the State, and those without any private income whatsoever receive grants that adequately cover board, tuition fees, and other essential expenses. Oxford has always been an expensive place, and the undergraduate is lucky to complete a year there on £320

OXFORD'S "HIGH" IN 1946: It is still the same delightful University town, having escaped largely unscathed from the ravages of war, but it is more crowded than ever before, having 5,000 undergraduates, over 2,000 more than in the carefree days of 1939. Many of the undergraduates are men of the world who, having spent five or six years in the Services, have now returned to complete their interrupted education. They are able to do this with the aid of State grants

THE BOOKSHOPS AND LIBRARIES ARE THE VERY CORE OF UNIVERSITY LIFE: *Left*—The undergraduate can browse for hours at Blackwell's in search of material for his work, or, if he is a member, he can repair to the spacious library of the Oxford Union (*Right*), where it is just possible he may find the upholstered chairs, each with reading-desk attached, conducive to afternoon slumber. If in real difficulties about a book, he can always go to the Bodleian, with its acres of shelves and its volumes running into millions

THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF MODERN OXFORD: Oxford is traditionally the home of causes which the world thinks lost, and there are often informal gatherings of undergraduates to discuss questions of the day. Here the Liberal Club is seen in action, and the subject for the evening is monopolies. In Parliament Liberals are increasing rarities, but at Oxford they predominate

THE CLIMAX OF THE WEEK'S WORK: Once a week the undergraduate reads an essay to his tutor who makes mental notes preparatory to giving a verbal criticism. Before the war tutors had about twenty undergraduates to watch over, but in crowded post-war Oxford the average has risen to thirty-six. The tutor to-day has very little spare time for research and for writing

THE QUATERCENTENARY OF CHRIST CHURCH—UNDERGRADUATES AND DONS DINING IN WOLSEY'S HALL : On November 4 Christ Church celebrated the 400th anniversary of its founding by Henry VIII as a cathedral and collegiate body, and on November 9 the old tradition of play-acting was revived when performances of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" were given in Wolsey's Hall. *On right*—**Tom Tower, Christ Church, a well-known feature of the College**

Christ Church, Oxford, which is now celebrating the 400th anniversary of its foundation, is a strange mixture of Cathedral Chapter and University College, the Dean of Christ Church being head of both foundations and some of the canons being professors of the University. Christ Church was originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey, but when the great statesman fell from power Henry VIII, with characteristic vanity, re-founded it. After surviving many vicissitudes during the years of religious persecution, Christ Church flourished again under Queen Elizabeth, and on two occasions she stayed a week within its walls and witnessed undergraduate plays performed in her honour in Wolsey's Hall. As noted above, this playgoing tradition has been revived

DINNER IN HALL IS IN TWO SITTINGS : A scene in the great dining-room at Balliol, showing in the background the Dons sitting at high table. Most of the colleges are over-crowded

THE OPENING MEET OF THE ENFIELD CHACE: The field passing through the gates after meeting at Essendon Place, near Hatfield, the home of Lady Essendon. *On right*—AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE PERCY: Lord Richard Percy (brother of the Duke of Northumberland) and the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland seen at the Kennels, Alnwick, where hounds met

THE START OF THE HUNTING SEASON

Some Opening Meets in the Provinces: The Garth Make Presentations

BEFORE THEY MOVED OFF TO DRAW: Mr. Malcolm Napier and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Mason in conversation with the Field Master, Mr. Dove, at the opening meet of the Enfield Chace at Lady Essendon's home near Hatfield

With cubbing completed, the hunting season of 1946-47 started on November 1, and throughout Great Britain at least 200 packs have set about the task of keeping the foxes down and providing their followers with winter sport. The first meets of the season, however, have revealed marked changes in the hunting world. Fields are smaller, and there is every evidence that hunting is suffering from lack of horses, hounds, fodder, grooms, petrol and riders. In Leicestershire, once the cream of the hunting counties, two-thirds of the grassland is under plough. In many parts of England the tendency has been for the hunts to pass into the hands of the farmers, and, instead of fashionable fields with many riders down from London, the followers are almost entirely local people. Cases in point are provided by the Old West Somerset, which this year has divided into two packs, the West Somerset Western Farmers and the West Somerset Quantock Farmers. The Southwold are now the Southwold East and the Southwold Farmers, while at Chiddingfold Lord Leconfield's lands are being hunted by the Chiddingfold Farmers

HUNTSMAN AND MASTER TALK OVER THE PROSPECTS OF THE DAY'S SPORT: The Duke of Northumberland (right) seen with the hounds at the opening meet of the Percy. The Duke, whose marriage was one of the social events of the summer season in London, has now taken up residence at Alnwick. The opening meet of the season was at the Kennels, Alnwick, and a big concourse of foot-followers turned up for the occasion. As with most packs, the riders are not expected to be so numerous this year as they were before the war

IN THE HEART OF THE STONE WALL COUNTRY : The Cotswold Hunt moving off to draw from Shipton Oliffe after the first meet of the season, which produced a fair following. Shipton Oliffe lies about six miles from Cheltenham. It is first-rate hunting country largely consisting of stone walls. Few of the obstacles are severe, but woe betide the follower who steers consistently for the gaps, with fallen stones presenting a hazard on either side

A LEAD FOR THE YOUNG ENTRY : A follower of the Cotswold Hunt arrives at the meet with a girl rider on a guiding rein. The Cotswold pack opened the new season at Shipton Oliffe, near Cheltenham

On right—
Mr. Daniels, the huntsman of the Garth, has served with the pack for twenty-five years, and one newspaper declares that he has attended 8,000 meets and ridden a distance of 250,000 miles. The last two figures may be wide of the mark, but the twenty-five years' service has brought him congratulations from every corner of the Garth hunting country and into the bargain a cheque for £1,000 from grateful followers of the hunt. The cheque was presented to Mr. Daniels at the opening meet at Stanlake Park, together with a finely bound album containing the names of all the subscribers. Mr. Daniels probably knows the highways and byways of Berkshire as well as any man living

THANKS FOR SERVICES RENDERED : Two presentations at the opening meet of the Garth at Stanlake Park, near Twyford, Berkshire. *Left*—Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Barker presenting a cheque for £1,000 and an album containing the names of subscribers to Mr. Daniels, the huntsman, who has served with the Garth for twenty-five years. *Right*—Miss Barker, the Master of the Garth, receiving a presentation hunting saddle from Mr. R. H. R. Palmer

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Recent Events in London and the Provinces

THE THAMES IS REDUCED TO A "TRICKLE": Cyclists and pedestrians walking on the bed of the river at low tide. This picture was taken between Teddington and Richmond, where, as a result of repair work now in progress on the Richmond weir, the four-mile stretch of river has been denuded of the bulk of its water during the ebb. Richmond Weir is a half-tide weir, and it normally has the effect of maintaining the river at a high average level on the stretch which it controls. The Thames tide being of double strength (owing to the Channel wave meeting and reinforcing the wave of twelve hours earlier which has passed round Scotland), its ebb and flow provide marked changes of height

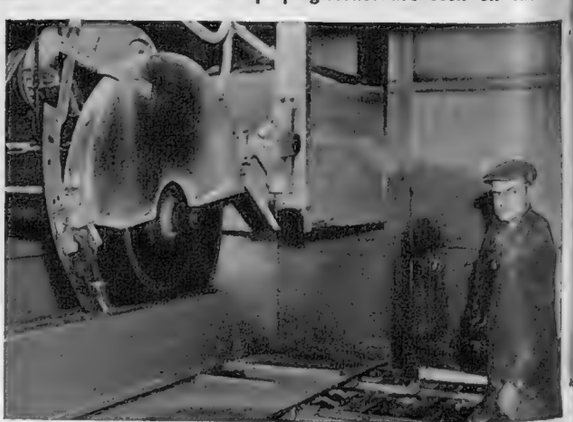
SWIFT REPAIRS TO RICHMOND BRIDGE: Normally, this buttress is well beneath the water-level, but owing to Richmond's half-tide weir being temporarily out of action, workmen are able to carry out repairs

DURHAM FREESTONE IS IN DEMAND: The celebrated Springwell Quarry, where there is intense activity at the present moment in the meeting of home and export requirements. New cranes are being installed to lift the roughly-hewn stone for treatment in the surface plant

MARKING OFF A CIRCULAR PULPING-STONE FOR A NORWEGIAN PAPER MILL: George Smith, who has worked for fifty years at the Springwell Quarry, County Durham, seen at work among the huge slabs of roughly-hewn freestone. Two of the circular pulping-stones are seen on the left ready for smoothing off. The stone is easily worked with the chisel and does not split along certain planes like other varieties

THE DIGNITY OF FREESTONE CARVING: Mr. George Stephens, foreman mason at the Springwell Quarry, discussing work which is being completed for Ampleforth College

Britain's export trade and Britain's housing programme, the one no less a priority than the other, are both being aided by County Durham's celebrated Springwell Quarry, which produces freestone for a host of purposes. Some of it is cut into window-sills and shaped into plain building-stone, but much of the output is put to more technical uses, including the making of circular pulping-stones for Norwegian paper factories. One of the most interesting jobs now being undertaken at the quarries is the preparation and carving of freestone for Ampleforth, the famous Roman Catholic College. The quarry has reached a depth of about 150 ft., and the stone is got out by pneumatic tools and blasting operations. New cranes are now being installed to lift the stone to the surface for preparation in the treatment plant



SAWING WINDOW-SILLS FOR BRITAIN'S HOUSING PROGRAMME: A cutter in action at the Springwell Quarry, where freestone for a host of uses is quarried and then dressed

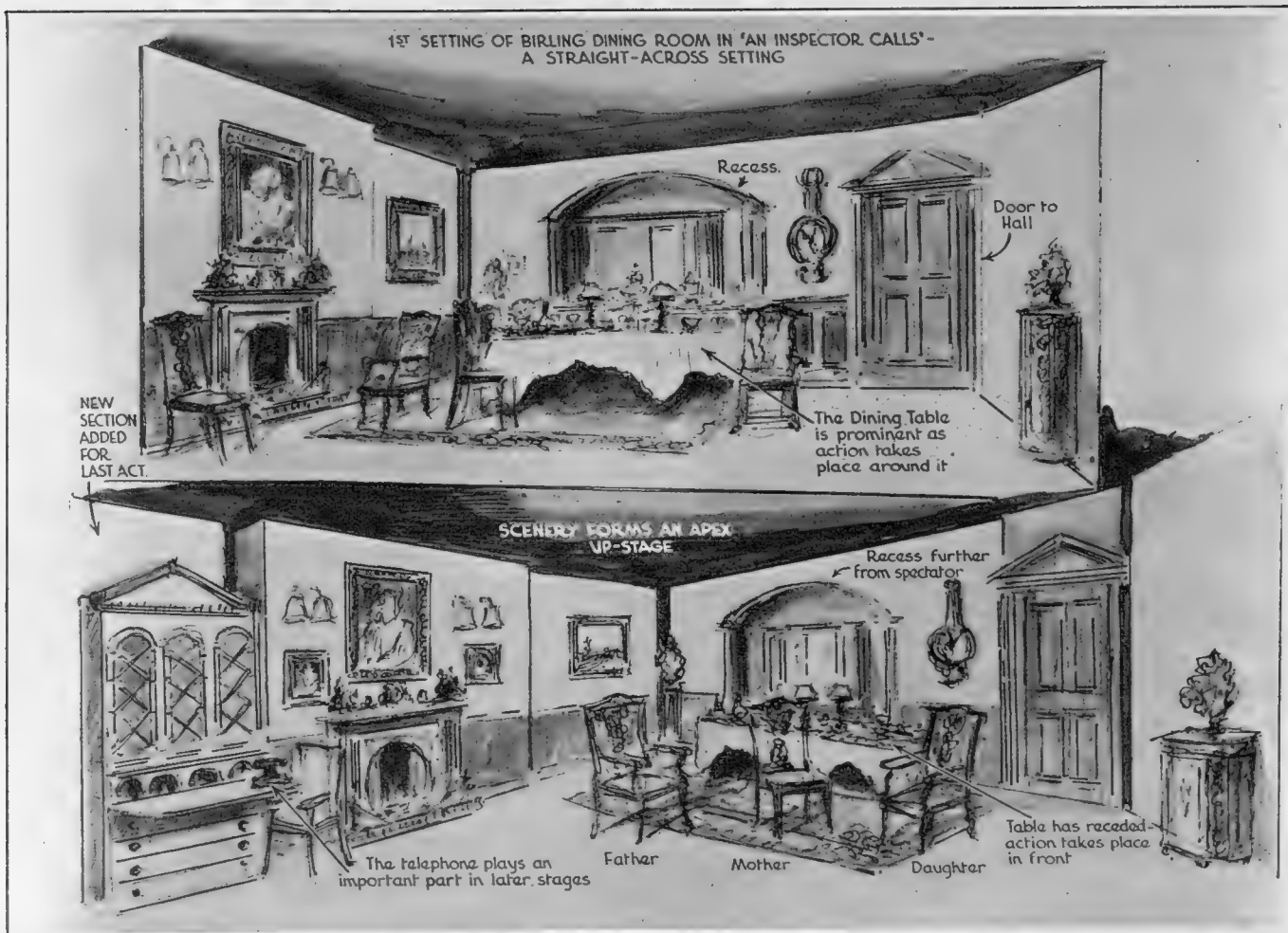
SETTING THE MACHINERY IN MOTION: Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, chairman of the Actresses' Gaiety Ball Committee, speaking at the opening meeting of the committee at the Dorchester, when arrangements for the Ball were discussed. On the left are Miss A. Bourne and Lady Thomas Bethell, and on the right are Lady Waddilove and Rose, Marchioness of Headfort

THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE KING OF HUNGARY AND POLAND: "Count Geoffrey Wladyslaw Varle Potocki of Montieth" seen in his crown and purple robes at his rooms in St. Peter's Street, Islington. Recently, under the name of G. V. Potocki, he was sued for arrears of rent by the landlords, and he appeared at Clerkenwell County Court in his robes and crown to ask for an amendment of the particulars in the pending action, requesting that his full title of Count should be included. He also sought an injunction to restrain the landlords from interfering with the Royal Standard of Hungary and Poland which was attached to a mast at the roof of the Islington premises. Judge Earengey, who heard the petition, ordered Potocki to remove his crown before the commencement of the proceedings. "I cannot allow headgear of this sort in this court," he declared. At his home Potocki operates a printing press, presumably for the printing of propaganda literature in relation to his claims to the Hungarian and Polish thrones. He also describes himself as King of Bohemia, Grand Duke of Lithuania, Silesia, and the Ukraine, and Hospodan of Moldavia

A FOOT-FOLLOWER WITH THE PERCY: The Duchess of Northumberland changing the film in her camera at the opening meet of the season at the Alnwick Kennels. The Duke is Master of the Percy, probably the most fashionable pack in the North Country. On pages 222 and 223 of this issue are pictures of the meet and other hunting news relating to the new season

PREPARING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A., at work on his design for the panorama of the Ball. The canvas will be interpreted in terms of a 200-ft. scene, and the enlargements will be carried out by Alexander Bilibin

DESIGN FOR THE ALBERT HALL CENTREPIECE: Mr. Frank Dobson, the distinguished sculptor, modelling the great eagle which will adorn the centre of the floor at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The finished work on its wooden stand will tower above the dancers to a height of 31 ft. Mr. Dobson is recognised as one of the leading English sculptors. Although he now lives in Kensington, he is essentially a Chelsea artist, having spent much of his working life there. He is a member of the Chelsea Arts Club. His bronze figure of Truth, now in the National Gallery, Millbank, aroused much controversy in 1930 when it was on exhibition in the Leicester Galleries.



KATHLEEN ANKERS' SETTING FOR "AN INSPECTOR CALLS": The writing-desk in the left of the picture is not included in the first scene. Dramatic use is made of the telephone towards the end of the play, and the angle of the room permits the dining-table, which was prominent in the first act, to be clear of the stage for the later action—*Drawing by Percy Home*

AT THE NEW THEATRE—"AN INSPECTOR CALLS"

PICTURES OF THE DRAMA, BALLET AND OPERA

The Old Vic Theatre Company has chosen a new play by J. B. Priestley to alternate with *King Lear* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* in their present repertory. *An Inspector Calls* has an original theme in which the equilibrium of an apparently ordinary family is upset by the intrusion of a police inspector who accuses each of them as in part responsible for the suicide of an unfortunate girl. Some are afraid of the possible scandal; others are conscious of sin. They realise that the inspector has not told them the name of the girl and they do not know whether they are all thinking of the same person. The play is excellent "theatre," and one of the many clever innovations is the arrangement of the set. The three acts take place in the dining-room of the Birlings' house in an industrial city in the North Midlands

THE DINNER-PARTY: Round the table are: Eric Birling (Alec Guinness), Sybil Birling (Marian Spencer), Edna (Marjorie Dunkels), Gerald Croft (Harry Andrews), Sheila Birling (Margaret Leighton) and Arthur Birling (Julien Mitchell)

THE INSPECTOR CALLS: Inspector Goole (Ralph Richardson) shows the photograph of the girl who has committed suicide to Arthur Birling

AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM: Sybil treats her examination lightly but is cleverly drawn into self-accusation by the inspector

FATHER LECTURES THE FAMILY: Arthur Birling tells his family not to take the affair seriously, but Sheila, his daughter, insists that they are all to blame

THE YOUNGER GENERATION TAKE IT SERIOUSLY: Sheila and Eric, alone, are conscience-stricken by the incident

The only contemporary play of the Old Vic Theatre Company's repertory is *An Inspector Calls*, by J. B. Priestley. In it, he indulges his great talent for examining the psychological background to human behaviour. The play gives Ralph Richardson an opportunity to display his versatility and makes an interesting contrast with his romantic Cyrano de Bergerac. The play is produced by Basil Dean and affords each actor in the small cast a fine vehicle for characterisation, which they expertly exploit. The audience is kept constantly enthralled, and is only given the clue to the story in the last lines of the play

ANTHONY BURKE REHEARSES THE JUNIOR SADLER'S WELLS BALLET : The first new full-length ballet of the season is a dramatic dance-drama. *The Vagabonds*, with choreography by Anthony Burke, is the first example of his work for this company. Burke joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1941, was called up four months later, and joined the R.A.F. In 1942 he was invalided out and returned to the ballet. His new production has been criticised for demanding too much of the young company, but it contains some effective groupings and is a serious and interesting piece of work for the enthusiastic Junior Sadler's Wells Ballet

MIMI PREPARES RODOLFO FOR "LA BOHÈME," AT COVENT GARDEN : Signorina Gigli helps her father, Beniamino Gigli, to make up before the performance. The San Carlo Opera Company returned to Covent Garden with an interesting production of *La Bohème* in which Beniamino Gigli played Rodolfo to his daughter's Mimi. Signor Gigli is not a good actor, but his beautiful voice captivated the audience, and Signorina Gigli, although less happy in the earlier part of the opera, warmed to the later scenes to reveal potential qualities that might be expected of the daughter of her distinguished father. He is also playing in *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*, in which his singing of "Vesti la Giubba" received a great ovation

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BALLERINA OF THE BALLET RAMBERT : Annette Chappell, seventeen-year-old ballerina, dances in a new ballet at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. This photograph was taken at the rehearsal of Walter Gore's new ballet, *Concerto Burlesque*. Annette Chappell is a young dancer of considerable promise, who has already performed with distinction in *Soirée Musicale* for the Ballet Rambert. Walter Gore has created several ballets, including *Confessional*, inspired by Browning's poem, to music by Sibelius, and *Simple Symphony*, to a piece having the same title by Benjamin Britten

ONE OF MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG STARS : Lizabeth Webb, nineteen-year-old discovery, plays a lead in "Big Ben." This young lady from Reading took over Carol Lynne's part in Charles B. Cochran's light opera at the Adelphi Theatre. Sir Alan Herbert, who wrote the lyrics, and Vivian Ellis, who wrote the music of *Big Ben*, are to produce a new operetta next year to be called *Bless the Bride*, in which Lizabeth Webb has already been cast to play the lead. In *Big Ben* Sir Alan Herbert has brought political satire to the light musical stage with a number of biting lyrics

IS HOLLYWOOD BEING OUTSHONE?

The Success of British Films and the Rise of Arthur Rank's Film Empire

By CHARLES GRAVES

EXPERIENCED observers at the Royal Film Command Performance at the Empire, Leicester Square, the other day, were of the unanimous opinion that the unprecedented scenes of excitement were caused primarily by the presence of a number of English film stars, and only secondarily by the Hollywood visitors, like Ray Milland, Pat O'Brien and Joan Bennett. Nor is this wishful thinking on the part of the British Film Industry. Nowadays, English stars receive relatively as many letters as the Hollywood film stars. In the past eight months, Margaret Lockwood has received no fewer than 120,510 letters addressed to her at the studios or the office. Thousands more have reached her through her agent or are posted hopefully to hotels like the Savoy or Claridge's, on the off-chance that she may be informed about them. A few hundreds more reach her at her private address, which, like that of other English film stars, is concealed as far as possible from the public.

Michael Redgrave receives a minimum of 1,400 letters a week from admirers, a figure which is heavily increased immediately after the general release of his latest film. Other film stars' local postmen suffer equally.

The day has passed when it is necessary to be a Hollywood film star to have an international name in the world of movie entertainment. The day has also passed when it was necessary to go to Hollywood to earn really big money. There are English film stars, both men and women, who are receiving a flat annual salary of £35,000 a year, for which they have to make a maximum of two films a year. There are other English film stars who command £20,000 a picture in a picture deal which may be anything up to six films in a maximum period of three years.

Actually, of course, these large sums of money are of the greatest benefit to the Treasury but of little value to the actor or actress. As Michael Redgrave was saying to me, there is no financial inducement whatever for him to make more than one film a year. If he does, it is merely his artist's conscience and desire to express himself as fully as possible during his comparatively brief professional career. To that must be added, of course, the natural incentives of prestige and a tinge of natural vanity. The fact remains that even granting heavy allowances and expenses for the clothes, façade, and other unusual costs entailed by film stars, none of them can spend more than £7,000 a year in this country. That is why one or two actors like Rex Harrison have gone out to Hollywood on the optimistic assumption that they can save, say, £30,000 in three years if they exile themselves in the United States and temporarily abandon their domicile in Great Britain.

The top English film stars, not necessarily in this order, are: Stewart Granger, Michael Redgrave, John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Margaret Lockwood, Robert Donat, Eric Portman, Ann Todd, Phyllis Calvert, Robert Newton, Valerie Hobson, Sally Gray and Patricia Roc. Closely following these are Rosamund Johns and Jean Kent; with Cathleen Ryan, Maxwell Reed, Pamela Matthews, Jean Simmons and Hazel Court coming along fast.

With very few exceptions, all these actors and actresses are pursued by the English equivalent of "Bobby-Soxers" whenever they are recognised. But who are these fans? Well, it is hard to tell, but the majority are shop girls and factory girls on their half-day off. There are youths as well. One reason for their excitement at seeing the film stars is that the latter lead much more private lives than their opposite numbers in Hollywood. Few of our stars dine out more than once a month; and their public appearances are rarer still. Nor is this surprising. They are all so busy making pictures which involve getting up at 6 a.m. and returning home at 7 p.m. that they are much too tired to lead a gay life. A few of them, like Michael Redgrave, like to go to their "local" and have a drink. But even this can be an ordeal, and it is hard for the star to know where his duty as a servant of the public ends and his right to a certain modicum of privacy begins. The interminable requests for autographs have naturally to be grinned at and borne, but shouts of "Hallo, Mike (or Jimmy, or Johnny, or Stewart)" from total strangers must become a trifle wearying after a time, as also do the knowing whispers such as: "*I* know who you are. . . ."

And now, what about the stars themselves? Well, taking them at random—Michael Redgrave made his first stage appearance at the age of two in Australia, where his father and mother were professional artistes. But it was twenty-five years later that he returned to the boards. After leaving Cambridge, he tried journalism, play-writing and school-mastering before starting his real stage career with the Liverpool Rep., and later the Old Vic. At the outbreak of war he joined the Navy as an Ordinary Seaman.

Stewart Granger was educated at Epsom College, dabbled in medicine, and then, having trained at the Webber-Douglas School of Dramatic Art, played in repertory at Hull and Birmingham. At the outbreak of war he joined the Black Watch.

John Mills was a clerk in an Ipswich corn-merchant's office, got bored, went to London, failed to get a job on the stage and became a commercial traveller. After a year he took dancing lessons at the back of the Windmill Theatre, became a chorus boy at the London Hippodrome, graduated to a double singing act at various night clubs until the act disbanded. He finally joined a travelling company going to the Far East. In Singapore he was discovered by Noel Coward, who gave him a letter of introduction to C. B. Cochran. Thereafter it was plain sailing. At the outbreak of war he became a Sapper in the Royal Engineers.

Patricia Roc was a student of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Phyllis Calvert was trained as a dancer at the Margaret Morris School, then took a series of repertory engagements at Malvern, York and Coventry. In 1939 she was well on the way up the ladder, but the war interrupted her career, and for a time she became an A.R.P. warden. Then in 1940 she was given a long-term contract by Gainsborough.

Jean Kent was educated at a convent and later trained at a dancing school. Her mother was a ballet dancer. She herself graduated at the Windmill Theatre before going into pantomime and variety.

Margaret Lockwood is another successful graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and was spotted by Leontine Segan, who produced the annual public performance given by the students at the Haymarket Theatre. From this she secured a small part in a show at the Q Theatre; thereafter it was all quite simple. The careers of the other top-liners are much the same.

It will be noticed that almost all these stars have graduated either through provincial repertory companies or the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; proving once again that there is no short cut to stardom—the only "extra" who ever made the front page without previous stage experience being Merle Oberon. To-day, Merle Oberon, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, Aubrey Smith, Cedric Hardwicke, David Niven, Reginald Gardiner and others are all more or less lost to the English Film Industry. But if Arthur Rank had founded his empire ten years earlier, it would be safe to say that they would all have their domicile in Great Britain, even though making occasional films in Hollywood. . . .

THE "BOBBY-SOXER'S" DREAM COME TRUE: A gathering of British stars whose collective fan-mail must reach astronomical figures. Left to right—Moore Marriot ("Millions Like Us"), Rosamund Johns, Jean Simmons ("Great Expectations"), Valerie Hobson ("Contraband"), Arthur Rank, Patricia Roc ("The Wicked Lady"), Judy Campbell ("Saloon Bar"), Jean Kent ("The Rake's Progress"), Stewart Granger ("Waterloo Road"), Sally Gray ("Carnival"), Peter Graves ("Waltz Time") and John Mills ("The Way to the Stars")

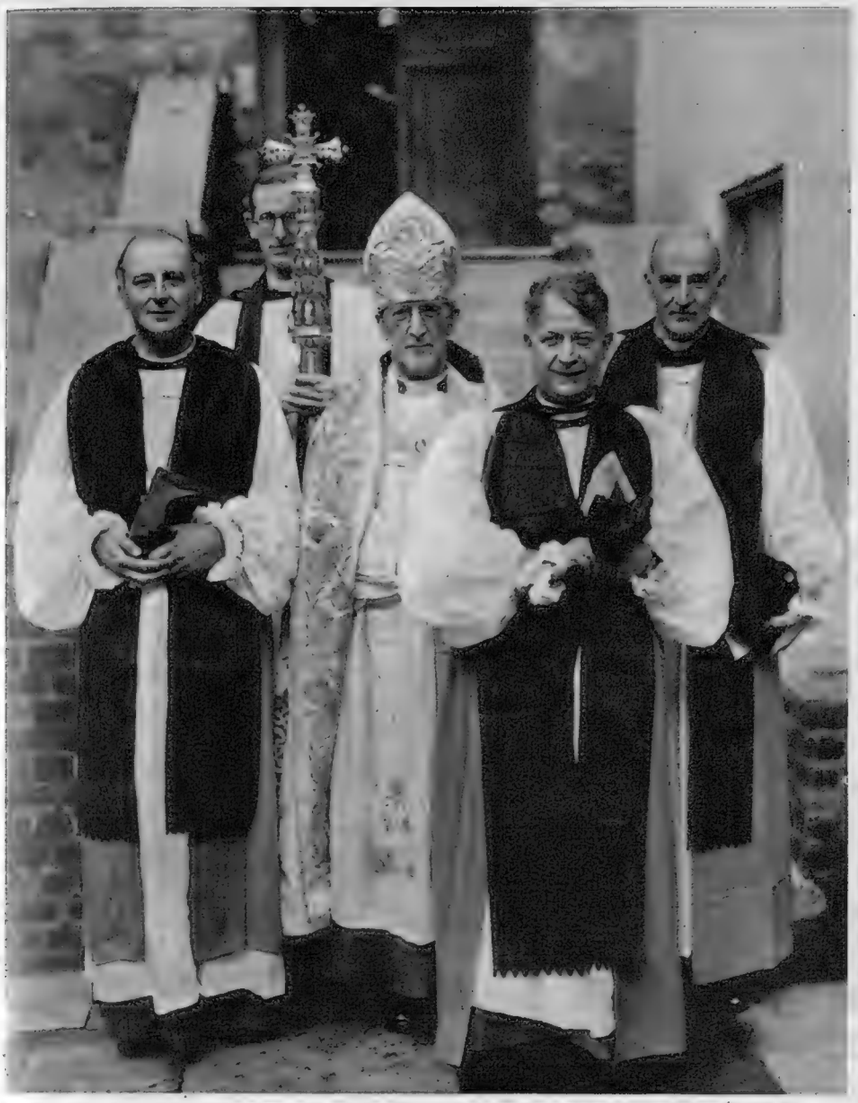
BUMPER FAN-MAIL! Margaret Lockwood has received 120,510 letters during the past eight months and is now Britain's leading star

GRADUATE FROM R.A.D.A.: Patricia Roc studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art before beginning her successful screen career

ALSO HIGH IN THE POPULARITY LIST: Valerie Hobson, wife of talented Anthony Havelock-Allan, Cineguild-Two Cities producer

BEING GROOMED FOR STARDOM: Zena Marshall, one of the many starlets preparing for big things on the screen. She is at present working with Roy Montgomerie, who is Director of Fashions in Mr. Rank's grooming organisation at Highbury

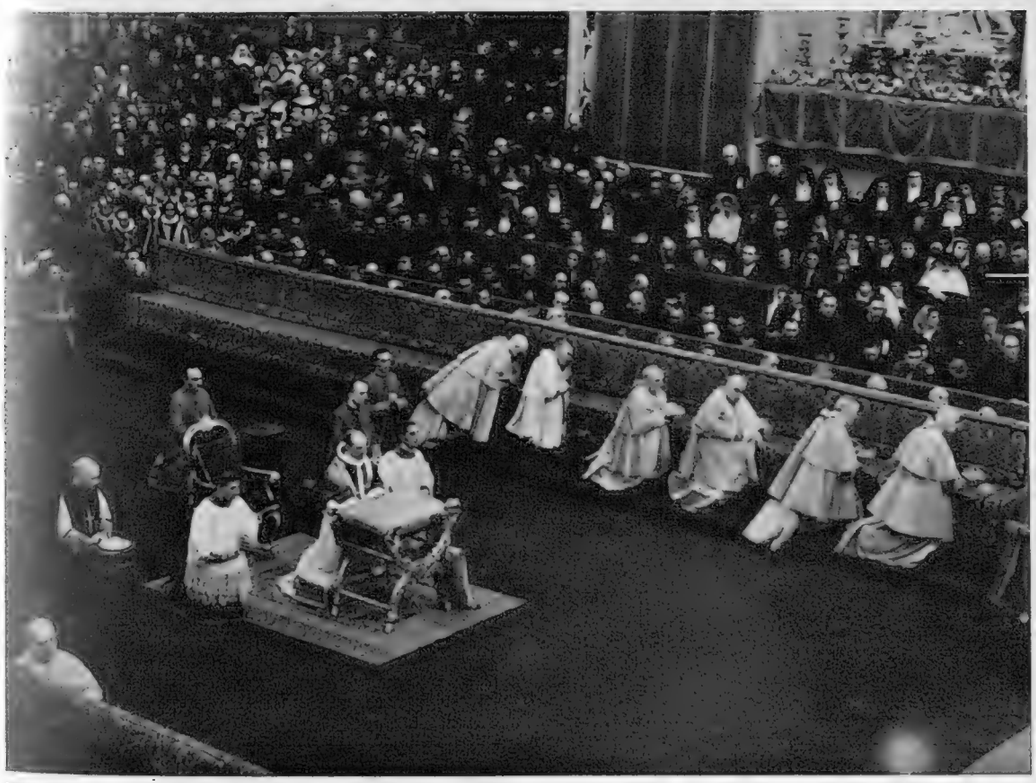
ECCLESIASTICAL: The National Union of Protestants are Concerned in an Uproar in a London Church—A Threat to the Pope's Life—Mr. Vishinsky Attends Pontifical Mass



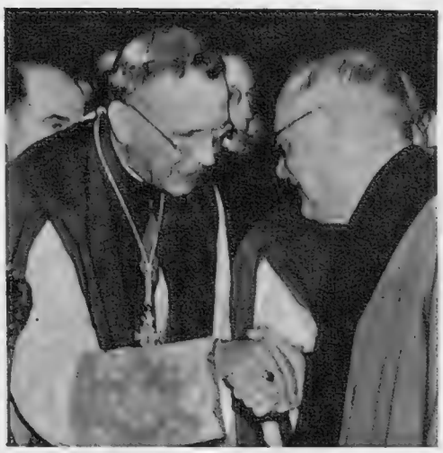
HE CONSECRATION OF THREE NEW BISHOPS SUFFRAGAN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Archbishop of Canterbury seen with the newly-preferred churchmen after the service. On the left is the Ven. Geoffrey A. Warde, Canon of the Cathedral Church, Carlisle, who becomes Bishop Suffragan of Lewes, and on the right are the Very Rev. Frederick D. V. Narborough, the new Bishop Suffragan of Colchester, and the Ven. Ivor Stanley Watkins, Archdeacon of Bristol, who is the new Bishop Suffragan of Malmesbury. The new Bishops Suffragan of Colchester and Malmesbury have both had important connections with Bristol and have both been Canons Residentiary of Bristol Cathedral. The new Bishop Suffragan of Lewes is a former Rural Dean of Brighton

THE UPROAR AT ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH, LADBROKE GROVE: Leaflets being showered down from the gallery and interrupters voicing their protests during the service at this London church at which the Bishop of London was the preacher and High Mass was celebrated

A CROWD GATHERS OUTSIDE ST. COLUMBA'S: Dr. Wand (right foreground) leaving the church after the uproar staged by the National Union of Protestants. It appears that the Bishop had just entered the pulpit when a man rose and started to speak. A young man sitting near by attempted to stop him and blows were struck. The interrupter was then escorted from the church. While the men were being removed there was uproar in the church and shouts of "Throw them out!", with counter-shouts of "No Popery!" After the men had been ejected the service was continued. Outside a crowd gathered in the road, and a clergyman, speaking through a loud-speaker on a car, said: "We will not have the Mass in the national Church"



THE BEATIFICATION OF MARIE THERESE DE SOUBIRAN AT ST. PETER'S: The Pope at prayer in the Basilica during the ceremony, which was attended by Marie Auxiliatrice nuns from Britain, France and other countries, who came to witness the honour paid to their foundress-mother. On the urgent advice of the Vatican authorities, the ceremony of beatification was put forward fifteen minutes so that it was possible for the Pope to return to Castel Gandolfo, his country estate, while it was still light. It had been reported to the police that an attempt was to be made on the Pope's life, and it is said that a Yugoslav woman has been arrested in connection with the conspiracy



MR. VISHINSKY ATTENDS A ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS: The Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister being greeted by the Coadjutor Bishop of the Archdiocese of New York on arrival at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The occasion was a pontifical mass offered for the success of the deliberations of the General Assembly of the United Nations. The Russian Ambassador was also present, as also were representatives of many nations

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE GENIUS OF ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Samuel Hopkins Adams Tells the Story of the Great American Wit and Raconteur

THE first time I met Alexander Woollcott was some years ago, in Noel Coward's house in the country. There were a number of people in the party, and most of them were extremely good at the word-games we played after dinner. Rebecca West was, not surprisingly, brilliant, but the most adept of all was Woollcott. Now this was no matter for comment, since it was, in fact, Woollcott who had invented—and perfected—all the games we played. He was inventive, resourceful, Rabelaisian and witty. His performance that evening had all the glittering finish of a well-rehearsed act and, although his friends and enemies alike could speak of the effective and sometimes lethal nature of his impromptus, it was on the polished performance that his reputation had been built.

I liked him then, and I liked him, in spite of the venomous thrusts of which I knew him capable, to the end of his life, nearly three years ago. It was often difficult to discount or to ignore that side of his nature, which all his friends—and ex-friends—knew, and which was responsible for sporadic outbursts of pure malice. Many people who had been genuinely fond of him were wounded, and a smaller number remained wounded. His wit and the savageness of his self-criticism, though admittedly that was not a constant factor, were both disarming. In the United States his acquaintances were very nearly innumerable, and his intimates seemed to be chosen with the most catholic taste. To digress for a moment, I should say that I am using that term in its most exact sense, for it was Woollcott who was the author of the couplet—

> "To all things clergic
> I am allergic."

Contemporaries of his early newspaper days in New York, like the columnist F.P.A. (Franklin P. Adams) and Robert Benchley, playwrights like George Kaufman and Charles MacArthur, wits like Dorothy Parker and critics like Heywood Broun, actors like Harpo Marx and Alfred Lunt, singers like Paul Robeson (who read the Twenty-third Psalm at his memorial service), writers like Alice Duer Miller and Booth Tarkington—the list is as striking as it is long.

Although one thinks of him as an essentially New York figure, Alexander Woollcott was born in New Jersey, the last child of a large family, whose birth was regarded by his aunt as "a scandal and a calamity," but announced by his mother, a Dickens addict, in the words "a young gentleman has arrived whose name is Mr. Guppy." Many years later a lady was to refer to Mr. Guppy as "a New Jersey Nero," but that time was still far off, and between childhood and the quarrels of his maturity lay years of experience as a crime reporter, a soldier, a dramatic critic and a story-teller.

It was story-telling, in fact, that made Woollcott's reputation, whether he wrote his page in the *New Yorker* or, as in his later years, spoke to an audience of millions through the radio. He could tell a story magnificently, even when it was one that was familiar, or one that was on a subject which one had always thought profoundly lacking in interest. When he relied entirely on invention, as in his one novel and an attempt at playwriting, he was less successful.

In the *New Yorker* his weekly page was titled "Shouts and Murmurs," and here his particular talent, discursive and sophisticated and effective, first found the ideal setting. His long and eventful association with that magazine ended with typical violence, however, in a quarrel which was never to be properly healed, and Woollcott devoted the greater part of his energies to broadcasting, for which he developed an aptitude.

All his life he worked prodigiously hard, driving himself even through periods of illness and physical exhaustion. Work was part of him, as essential to his life as his incurably gregarious spirit, which would cause him to invite chance acquaintances even to breakfast rather than eat alone, and as typical of him as his boundless and, we thought often, exaggerated enthusiasms.

Sometimes, and again this is typical of his last years, the enthusiasm was directed with a real nobility into a political cause, as when he made a series of "cracker barrel speeches" in support of the principles of the Fight for Freedom Committee. As I remember it, those principles were pretty aggressive, particularly since the group was formed in New York before Pearl Harbour and America's entry into the war, but Woollcott gave them his entire backing and made one of the best speeches of his career for them.

When I first knew him he had a flat in New York at the very end of one of the transversal streets and looking out on the East River. This habitation was known as Wit's End. Later it became Noel Coward's New York home, and Woollcott would stay—in extreme comfort—at an hotel. But the home he really cared for was a little island, shaped rather like a Victorian footstool and thickly covered with trees instead of beads, in the middle of a Vermont lake.

Here there were two houses only, run on a co-operative basis by Woollcott and some of his friends, but really under the fitfully benevolent autocracy of Woollcott himself. His invitations to the island were issued rather in the nature of ukases, and when he was seriously ill and a friend offered a visit, more or less of condolence, he wrote back waspishly.

His friend and biographer, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, has made a very good book out of his life and times, even though one grants the richness of the material. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a faithful and still a provocative picture of the man. It will annoy some of his friends, please some of his enemies (though that must have been the biographer's last intention), and bore no one at all. That the author recognised the difficulties of his task is clearly shown by his dedication, which reads "To the thousand friends of Alexander Woollcott this book is with fear and trembling dedicated by one of them."

Another one among that thousand thanks him for what he has done for Woollcott's memory.

DONALD WOLFIT TO PRESENT SHAKESPEARE IN CANADA: The distinguished Shakespearean actor who is to take his company to the Dominion, probably leaving England on Christmas Eve, and will present "King Lear," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and Jonson's "Volpone" in the Eastern Provinces. In a recent article in THE SPHERE a reference was made to the haranguing of an audience by Mr. Wolfit after a performance of *King Lear*. This was an error, and we hasten to correct the misapprehension. It was in 1937 that Mr. Wolfit entered actor-management, and since then his Advance Players' Association has played a tremendous part in bringing Shakespeare and the classic drama before the general public. His last London season, at the Winter Garden Theatre, was a triumphant success

THE MOST EXACTING OF ALL SHAKESPEAREAN ROLES: Donald Wolfit as King Lear, a part which won him a new measure of recognition. It is included in the repertoire of his coming Canadian tour

SHORTER REVIEWS

of Some of the Latest Books

Dr. Johnson, who in his life was the undisputed leader of English letters and the autocratic arbiter of literary taste has lived on in the glowing pages of Boswell, and for that very reason, it would appear, posterity has been much misled.

According to C. E. Vulliamy, whose latest book, URSA MAJOR (Michael Joseph. 15s.), is a penetrating study of Johnson and his friends, Boswell was too limited to reflect the many facets of the character of his hero and, although he recorded with exactitude the noble growlings of the Great Bear, we are left with the impression that he never for one moment saw into the dim recesses of Johnson's mind.

Mr. Vulliamy, who has succeeded in arranging a mass of material about Johnson, presents it against the background of the times he knows so well, an eighteenth century, incidentally, that was far more squalid than the romantics will ever allow.

Of Johnson's neuroticism; of his strong addiction to opium; of his inordinate tea-drinking, which amounted almost to a mania; of his bearish mannerisms; and of his personal untidiness and uncleanliness, Mr. Vulliamy makes the reader fully aware. Against these things he sets out the Doctor's real qualities of gentleness and sympathy; his innate understanding of men and women that made him the most intensely human personality of his day. Johnson's was indeed a triumph of personality, and the author, by reason of his skill in giving new weight to the available evidence, and in placing Boswell's contribution in truer perspective, has helped us to a better understanding of a truly great character who, as so often happens with great men, never really understood himself.

It is a distinctly disturbing fact that war, shorn of much of its illusion and revealed to the world in its stark horror, still possesses a lingering aura of the romantic. Nowhere was that more apparent than in the French Resistance Movement, and in MOONDROP TO GASCONY (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) Anne-Marie Walters, the daughter of a French mother and a British father, recounts in thrilling detail her adventures in Guyenne and Gascony after being parachuted from a British plane. From the night of her descent near Condom, she never had a dull moment, brushing sleeves with the Gestapo, waiting on lonely airfields for arms to be dropped to the *Maquisards*, and sharing in all the dangers of "underground" life.

Another aspect of the *Maquis* is given by Christopher Sykes in FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY (Collins. 12s. 6d.). The first three studies are biographical, and the fourth deals with the author's experiences after being parachuted with his unit among the Resistance men of the Vosges. Mr. Sykes, a true lover of France, tells of the unquenchable enthusiasm and pitiful inexperience of the patriots in this area, and of their tragic tactical errors, of their magnificent audacity in the face of the Germans, and of the truly heroic spirit that sustained them both in battle and in the midst of the tortures of the concentration camps, where many landed when at last tracked down.

The late Sir Charles Bell, who was the first white man to enter the city of Lhasa by invitation, and who later became political adviser to the Dalai Lama, has written many authoritative works on Tibet, and in PORTRAIT OF THE DALAI LAMA (Collins. 21s.) gives an intimate glimpse of the life of the King-Priest, the spiritual and secular head of the Tibetan people. The Dalai Lama in question was born in 1876. He played a vital part in ordering the secular life of Tibet and did much to raise the standard of living. On the spiritual side he did a great deal to check abuses among the priesthood.

THE GERTRUDE STEIN FIRST READER (Maurice Fridberg. 7s. 6d.) has just made its appearance. It is the first posthumous work of Gertrude Stein, but for that reason it is not likely to be exempt from attack. Miss Stein's form of nonsense word painting is not without its adherents, and in her lifetime her work always throve on mingled cheers and jeers.

Among the new novels are DUNKERLEY'S (Collins. 8s. 6d.), by Howard Spring, who once again introduces us to Alec Dillworth and his sister Elsie, though, save for a fleeting, fatal moment, the action does not take place in the Manchester setting the author portrayed so well in *Hard Facts*. This is a worthy sequel.

MY PAST WAS AN EVIL RIVER (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), by George Millar, is a story of Austria in defeat and under an Army of Occupation. Captain Millar's last book, *Maquis*, it may be remembered, was one of the greatest escape stories of the war.

THE BECKER WIVES (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is a book of short stories by Mary Lavin, an Irish-American writer who won distinction with her first book, *Tales from Bective Bridge*. She has a marked gift of lyrical expression.

THE WHITE DEER (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.) is a fairy-tale for the young in heart of all ages. James Thurber adorns the text with his own drawings.

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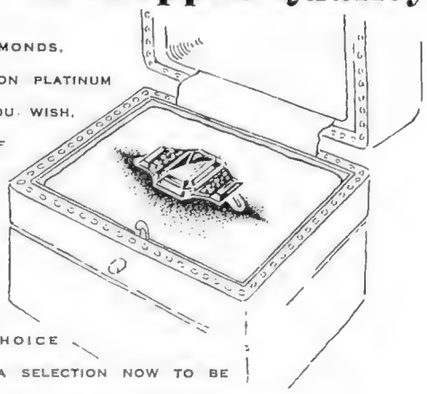

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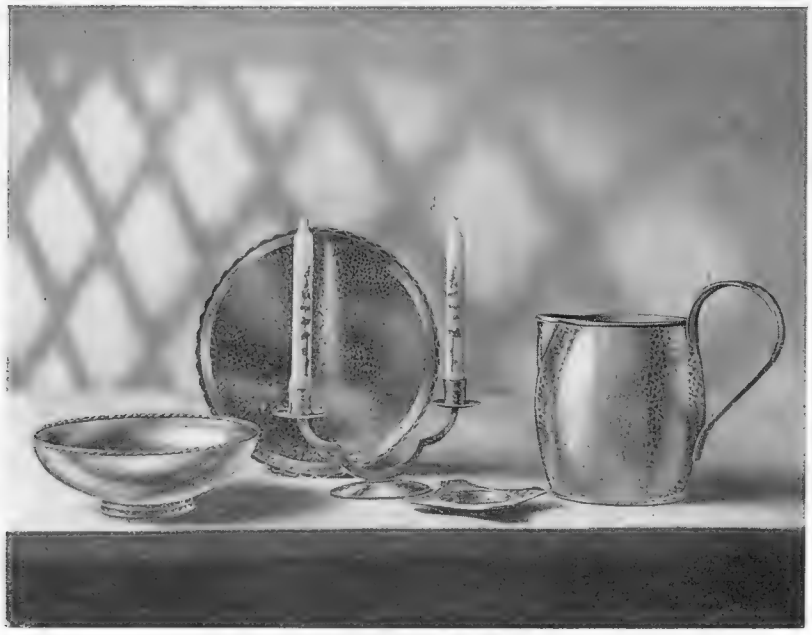

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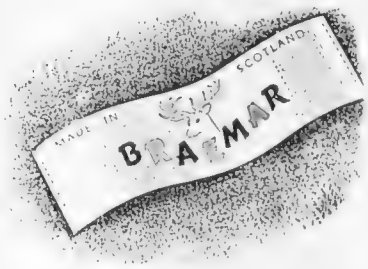

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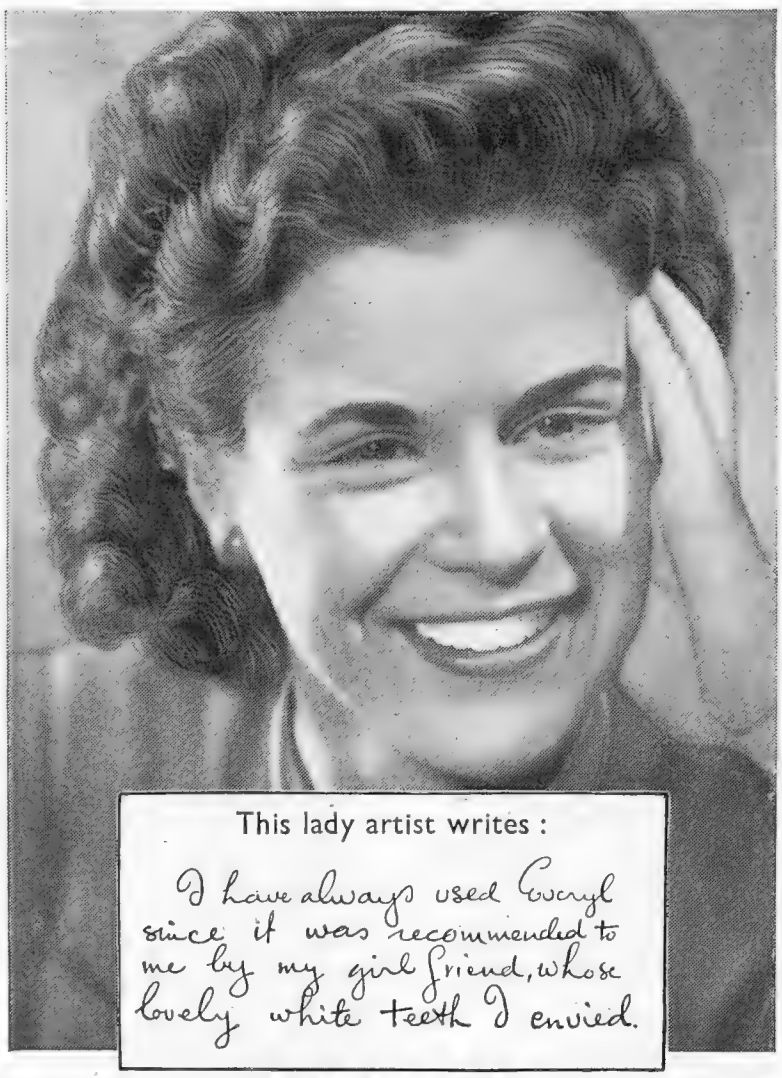

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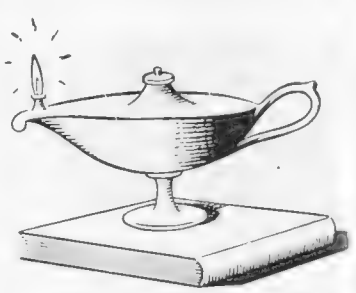

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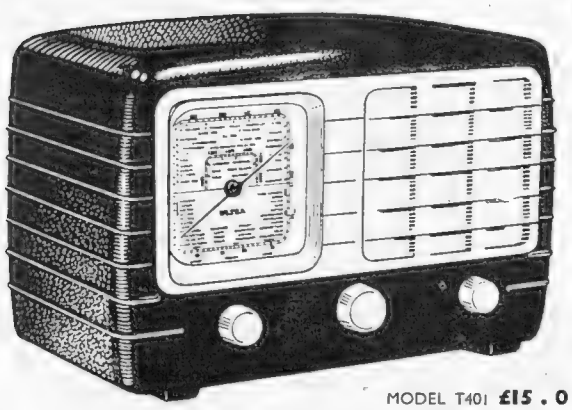

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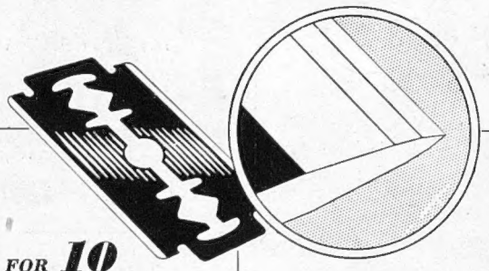

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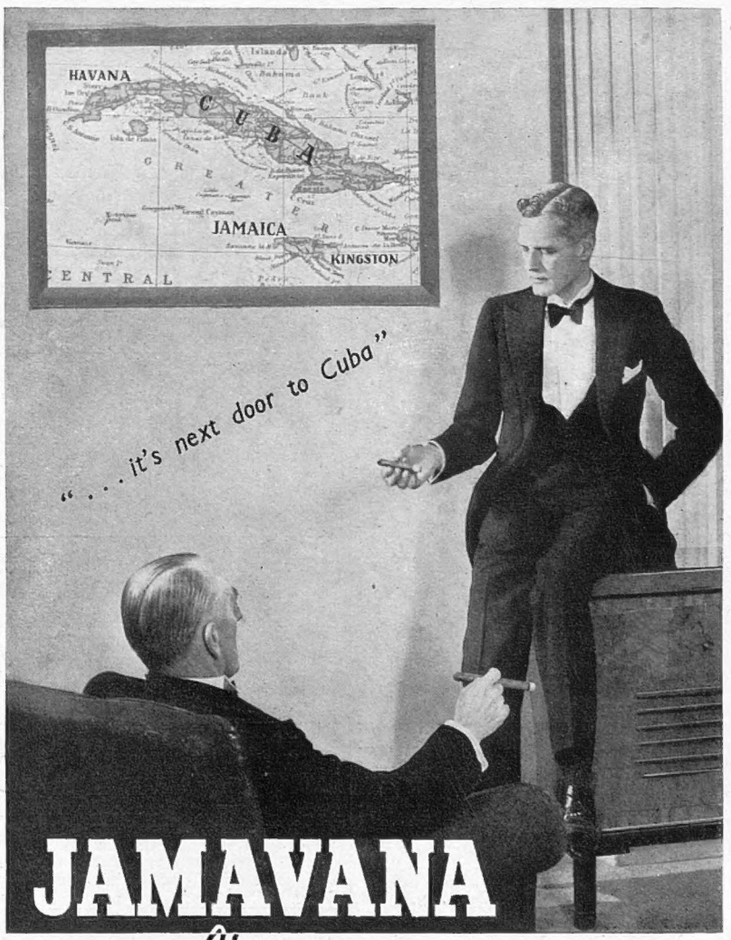

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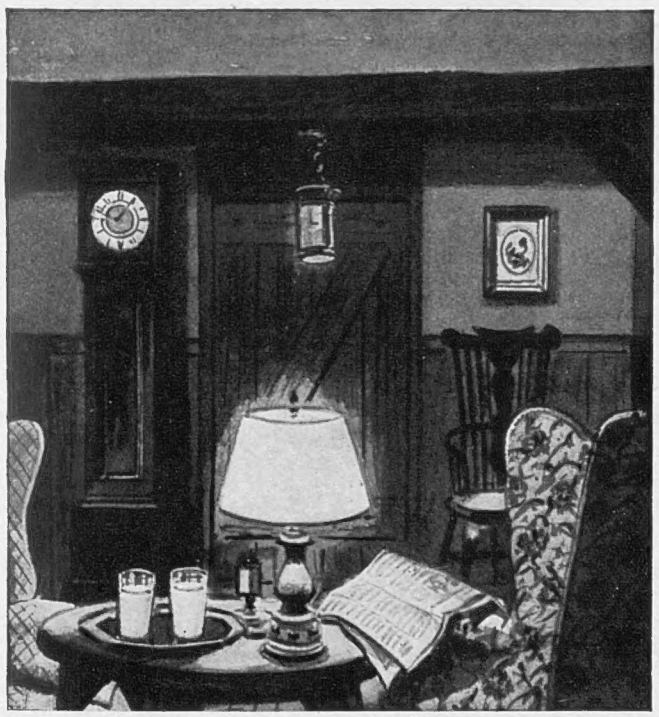

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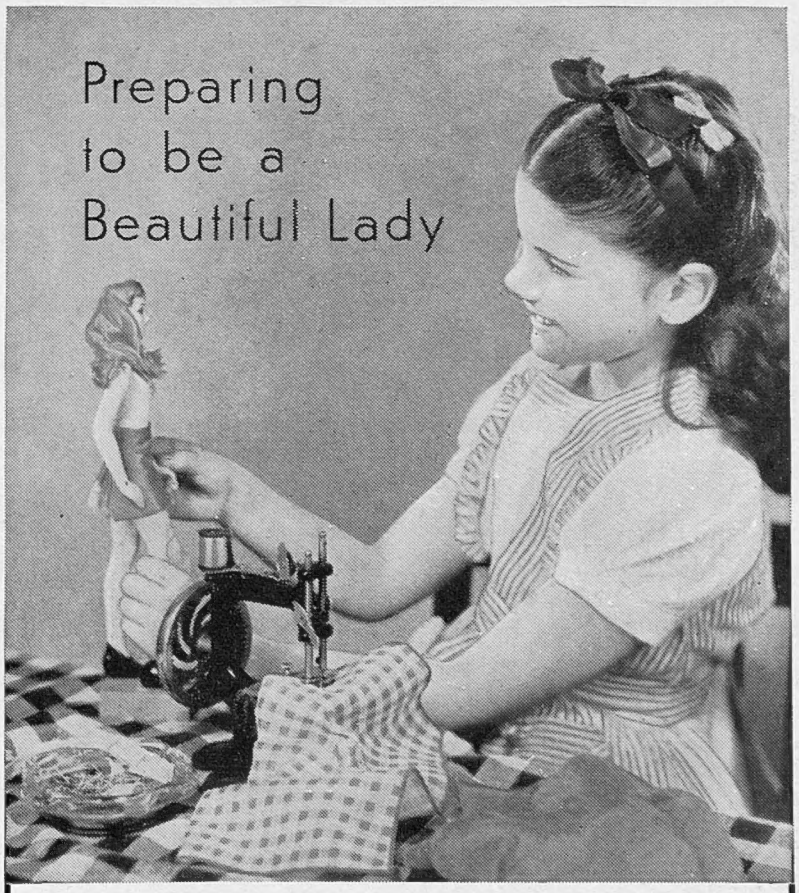

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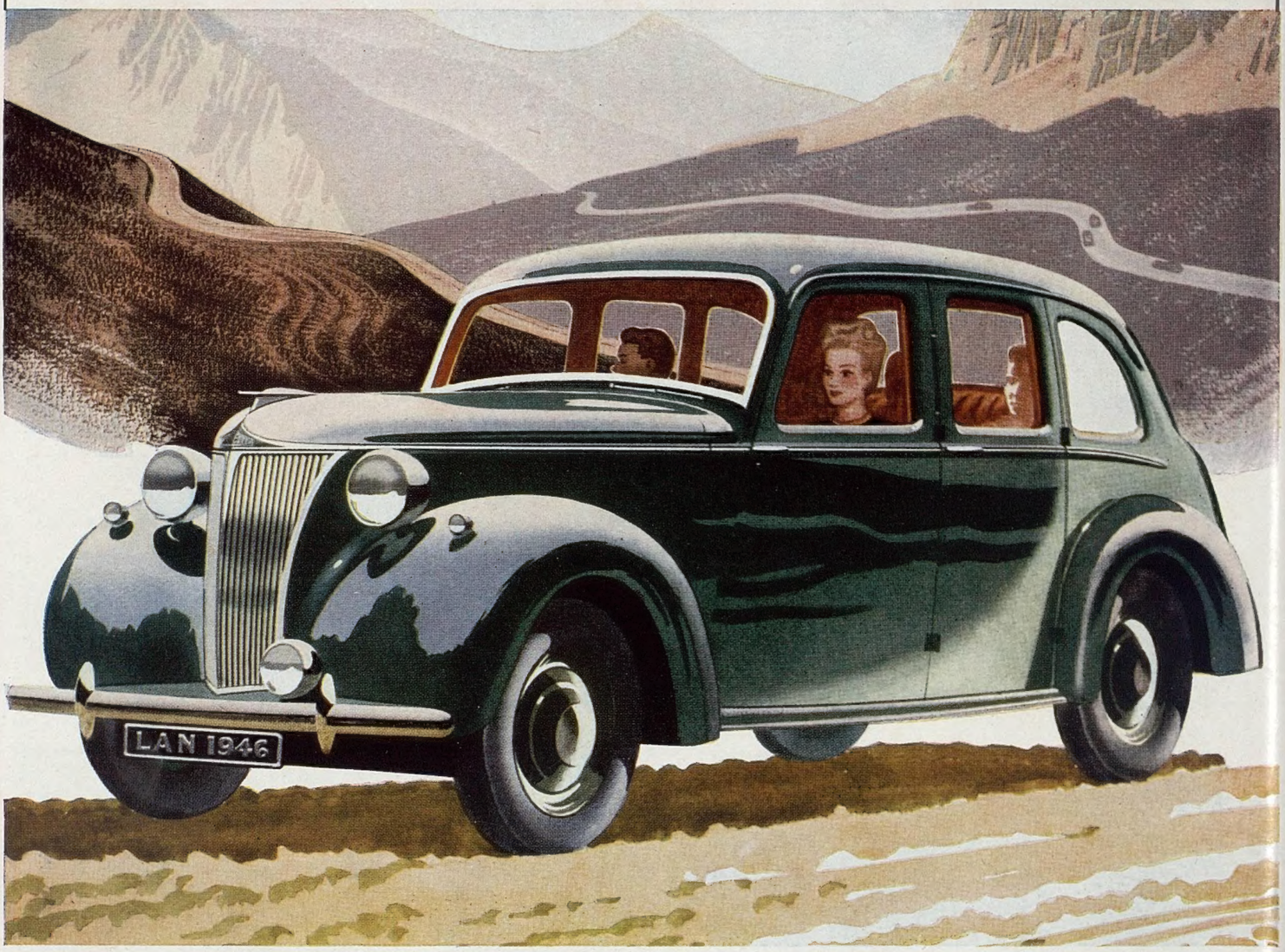

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